A

# MISCELLANY OF NEW POEMS,

On ſeveral OCCASIONS.

By *R. LUCK*, A. M. Maſter of *Barnſtaple* School.

Containing alſo

The LOVES of *HERO* and *LEANDER*,

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *MUSÆUS*.

To which are added,

POEMATA QUÆDAM LATINA.

AUCTORE R. LUCK.

The SECOND EDITION.

——*Veniam petimuſq; damuſq; viciſſim.* HOR.
*In tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria.* VIRG.

*LONDON:*
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# THE PREFACE.

'TIS *to comply with Custom, that I burthen the Readers of this* Miscellany *with a Preface: Not to Apologize for writing, much less for publishing what I write. I write many times to oblige my Friends; sometimes, especially of late Years, to amuse myself under the Pain of the Gout, whose Visits else I had not born so cheerfully. Those Pieces are Subscrib'd (usually)* Podargus, *or* Senex: *And are, I presume, as good as any in the Collection.*

*It is easy to observe from the Subjects, or the Dates of several of my little Poems, that I have been occasionally an humble Servant of the* Muses *for almost half a Century. Tho' I know not whether I ought to own it; since any one, who has a Mind to be Arch, may say I was to blame to continue my Addresses to those coy Ladies, who had so coolly receiv'd 'em: And an ill-natur'd Man may ask why I had made no*

*better Improvements. But the Candid, who know me, will find this Excuſe for me, that I have had, the greateſt part of my Life, Buſineſs enough of another Kind, to take me off from that Application neceſſary to the forming a* tolerable *Poet; if indeed ſuch a thing can be allow'd, ſince our Maſter* Horace *has ſo peremptorily deny'd it.*

*This Candour I ſhall hope, becauſe I have endeavour'd to deſerve it, from thoſe Gentlemen, whom I have had the Honour to Educate. They ought (I think) to read My Performances as favourably as I examin'd Theirs.*

*One of that Number, now a Great, and (what is more valuable) a very Good Man, will forgive the Liberty I take to print his Tranſlation of the* 15*th Ode of* HOR. Epod. *done by him when Young under my Care. I read it then with too much Pleaſure ever to forget it. 'Tis to gratify his Modeſty I conceal his Name.*

*The* 4 Latin *Lines on the Picture of a Beautiful and Good Woman in Miniature, it had been a Crime not to publiſh; ſince I have the Opinion of ſome of the fineſt Taſte, they are equal to the beſt four-lin'd Epigram in that Language. The Author of that, and of the* 4 *Engliſh lines oppoſite to it, were then Members of my little Family, and now of* Oxford.

*The Collection of* Latin *Poems, untranſlated, are publiſh'd at the particular Inſtance of ſome Learned Friends. That, intitled the* Bridle-Pye, *was writ by the Command of that fine Writer, and*

*and Judge of Compoſition, the late Lord* Lanſdown. *His Lordſhip* 16 *Years ago preſs'd me to print it, with ſome other Performances in that Language, which he was pleas'd to ſay his Friends had ſent him. If I had had the Courage then to have obey'd his Lordſhip, conſidering the Manner he was pleas'd to hint I ſhould have Leave to have publiſh'd them in, ſo ſmall a Collection would have been five times more Advantageous to me than this Volume.*

*As I have concluded my* Engliſh *Poems with an Elegy on an excellent* Wife, *ſo I ſhut up my* Latin *with one upon an Admirable* Queen; *which Dr* Aldrich, *the worthy Dean of* Chriſt Church *when I was a young Student there, thought worthy a Place in that Book of Poems preſented to his Majeſty King* William *on the Death of his* Royal Conſort, *Queen* Mary.

*If it be demanded why at this Time of Life I venture to publiſh a* Miſcellany of Poems; *I have this to ſay, That many Copies of moſt of the Things I had writ, being in the Hands of many more, than they were deſign'd for, my Friends thought it adviſeable I ſhould collect thoſe* disjecti membra Poetæ *into one little Volume. And indeed I ſhould think it an Affront to their* private Judgment, *not to riſque* publick Cenſure: *Eſpecially ſince they were pleas'd to furniſh me with ſeveral Pieces, of which I had kept no Copies. I wiſh I had Reaſon to be as fearleſs for the Fate of the* Engliſh *Poems, as I am of the* Latin.

*As*

*As for the Epigrams here and there interſpers'd, I have made uſe of 'em, chiefly to fill the Pages, where they are plac'd; that my kind Subſcribers might have* Verſes *inſtead of* blank Paper. *I believe they will be found to be none of the worſt Productions of this* Poetical Age.

*I beg to be believ'd in this Aſſertion, that I have not drawn the Character of a* Friend, *or a* Patron, *but what I am fully perſwaded is like.*

*A* Noble diſintereſted Patriot, *an* uncorrupt Senator, *an* affectionate, aſſiduous Guardian, *a* Virtuous grateful Orphan, *will appear* ſtriking Characters *hereafter, (if any thing of mine ſhall outlive a firſt reading) to thoſe, who perhaps knew not the* Perſons, *or* Names *of thoſe, whom I attempt to deſcribe.——Such Originals deſerve a better Hand to draw 'em; and are not common enough to render it difficult to gueſs at 'em.*

Barnſtaple, Feb.
14, 1735-6.

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*Rev.* James Wilſon, *M. A. Fellow of* Gon. *and* Cai. *College.*
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A

# MISCELLANY

OF

# NEW POEMS.

## An ESSAY upon HAPPINESS.

*Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare.* —— Juv.

MANLY *and* FLUTTER.

*M.* SUrvey created Nature, and you'll find
Various Degrees, all perfect in their kind,
But Man: who ſtiles himſelf, ſo vain his [Pride!
Second to Angels, Lord of all beſide.
Perfect indeed from Mother Earth he came:
His Maker's Image dignify'd his Frame.
How ſoon that Glory did his Guilt deface,
And Reaſon to inferior Senſe give place!
Not Globes of downy Seeds, that float in Air;
Not Bubbles, blown by ſportive Boys, compare
With vainer Man: who, tho' he Reaſon boaſt,
Lighter than theſe, is by his Paſſion toſt.

To all, that live, does *Happineſs* belong:
And none, but lordly Man, purſue it wrong.
To their beſt Good kind Nature guides; and they
With uniform Obedience keep their Way.
Of Food, of Love, of Liberty poſſeſt,
Have all they can enjoy, are fully bleſt.
See! how *Leviathan* his Paſtime takes,
Bounds o'er the Billows, and a Tempeſt makes.
Now gently thro' the Sea's calm Surface glides:
Now in fair *Thetis'* oozy Lap he hides.
High-pois'd in Air, th' imperial Bird ſurveys
The leſs'ning Earth, nor fears *Sol*'s pointed Rays;
Or perch'd on craggy Rocks, impervious Height,
Down on her Prey ſhe ſhoots with rapid Flight;
Which to her callow Neſt her Talons bear,
A creſted Serpent, or a trembling Deer.
Pleas'd with their proper Bliſs, they wiſh no more;
She neither aims to dive, nor he to ſoar.
Unrival'd they their diff'rent Stations keep;
She---Queen of Birds: He---Tyrant of the Deep.
Thou, who no higher Happineſs can'ſt find,
Herd with thy fellow Brutes, renounce Mankind.
Much nobler Proſpects thoſe, who think, employ,
Than this low World can give, or Senſe enjoy.

The

The chiefeſt Good 's our End: Which, what it is,
If we don't fix, what Wonder, if we miſs!
Some placing it in Knowledge, ſtuff their Brains
With learned Lumber, writ with endleſs Pains.
Idly laborious, knotty Points purſue,
Of no Importance, whether falſe or true.
Theſe *Pyrrho*'s *ipſe dixit* ne'er receive;
And, what they can't demonſtrate, won't believe.
Strange Fruit of Learning! We're by *T--d--l* told,
The Goſpel is as the Creation old.
The Miracles had felt thy learned Rage:
But *Woolſton* firſt did in that Work engage.
*Flutter.* Conqueſt and Empire ſure will be confeſt
To make the Hero above others bleſt.
For ſuch Rewards he wiſely quits his Eaſe,
And all the Pleaſures of inglorious Peace.
Drives thro' th' embattel'd Hoſt his thund'ring Car;
Deals Death all round, and is himſelf a War.
See! captive Princes his proud Triumphs grace,
In Woe majeſtick, and a ſullen Pace.
*M.* Go on, puiſſant Sir, for ever ſhine,
In glitt'ring Arms, and live--a Porcupine.
Let it be told, to thy immortal Fame,
That Nurſes huſh their Children with thy Name.

With *Philip*'s Son, Earth's utmoſt Bounds explore,
And, having conquer'd one World, weep for more.

*F.* Of mighty Kingdoms won by Sword and Spear,
The Indolent may think the Purchaſe dear.
Safer, but not ſo glorious, are the Thrones,
The Birth-right of hereditary Drones.
Annals their Acts record, but not their Deeds;
The Father reigned, and the Son ſucceeds.
But to be cull'd prime Miniſter of State,
Amidſt a Thouſand; make your Betters wait
Your Levee's Leiſure! This is to be great.
Your Prince's Favour to monopolize,
And ſee your Creatures by your Int'reſt riſe.

*M.* Your Prince approves, and well rewards your Skill,
By Ways and Means who his Finances fill.
But, *Stateſman*, who thee envies, may he feel
The Tortures of poor *Damocles*'s Meal!
View the rich Banquet on the royal Board;
But ſtart and tremble at th' impending Sword.
The Luſtre of a Crown the Monarch wears:
But the dead Weight his anxious Fav'rite bears.
Whom if Caprice, or Rage, or Fate pull down,
Tho' Thouſands by him roſe, he falls alone.

So ſome tall Admiral majeſtick ſails,
The Pirate's Dread, big-ſwoln with proſp'rous Gales.
Her gilded Stern reflects *Apollo*'s Ray,
On the green Surface darting double Day.
The *Nereids* liſten, *Triton*'s ſelf attends,
More pleas'd than envious, his hoarſe Conch ſuſpends:
Whilſt her loud Trumpet a ſhrill Treble plays,
And Drum and thund'ring Cannon roar a Baſs.
The guarded Merchants, fearful for their Freight,
Revere their Convoy, and her Motions wait.
Till ſtriking on a Rock, her Planks divide,
The hideous Chaſm admits the ruſhing Tide.
All ſee her Danger, at a Diſtance keep,
And leave her found'ring in the yawning Deep.

*F.* But is not Happineſs the rich Man's Lot?
Riches, however left, however got,
Will make Men love you, or will make 'em fear.
Whether you're born ſome ſtarving Miſer's Heir;
Or in ſome Stock the ſecret Plunder ſhare,
Be a Director, with the Primier vote;
And be, for cheating Thouſands, fin'd---a Groat.

*M.* But if you Buſineſs hate, yet love the Town;
Ladies and Beaux your Taſte for Pleaſure own,

Learn

Learn you from them one ſteady Round to keep;
Riſe but to dreſs, eat, viſit, play, and ſleep.
*F.* Happy the Mortal, whoſe fair Country Seat
From Noiſe and Scandal yields a ſafe Retreat.
There will I welcome the Sun's earlieſt Ray,
Whilſt my pleas'd Eyes a various Scene ſurvey;
Enamel'd Meads, tall Trees, and purling Streams,
Grotto's, Parterres, Doves, Lambkins.——
*M.* ——————School-boys Themes.
*F.* On Sabbath-days our Vicar ſhall ſay Grace;
Sit out the Meal—no Tithe my Barton pays.
To paſs my Time, and not be uſeleſs quite,
I'll of the *Quorum* be: read *Dalton.*——
*M.* ——————Right;
Your Butler, to ſave Wages, be your Clerk;
Who robs your Hen-rooſt, let him feel the Jerk.
None but yourſelf, and Brother Worſhips, dare
To taſte the Pheaſant, Partridge, Trout, or Hare.
If at a Farmer's Board ſuch Cates are ſeen;
He's ſturdy. Let the Game-Act vent your Spleen.
*F.* Much to the *Pains* of Travellers we owe;
But none their *Pleaſures*, but themſelves can know.
Of what they write, I would a Witneſs be,
I read with Pleaſure, but with Tranſport ſee.

*M.* Go

*M.* Go, ſeek Adventures, travel with the Sun,
Fond of ſtrange Sights, thro' all the Zodiac run:
O'er Lands and Seas whilſt you with hazard roam;
The Wiſe, at bounteous *Greſham*'s ſtately Dome,
Sacred to *Knowledge*, ſafely view, what e'er
In Art is curious, or in Nature rare.

*F.* In her own Shell let the dull Tortoiſe live;
Uneaſy here, I'll try what Change can give.

*M.* Vain Wanderer! not all the World can grant
The Bleſſing, you at home complain you want.
Tir'd with the fruitleſs Search, at laſt you'll find,
That *Happineſs* is ſeated in the *Mind*.

## J. J—N's *Epitaph.*

TWO Fav'rites did my Joys of Life improve,
My Nag for *Caſtor* fit, my Girl for *Jove*:
Dying, I wiſh, kind Fates the Boon beſtow,
The Burthen, neither likes, may neither know!

## HORACE *to* NEÆRA. Epod. XV.

THE Day was gone, and *Cynthia*'s borrow'd Light
Out-ſhone the little glitt'ring Stars of Night,
When round my Neck your ſnowy Arms you caſt;
No Ivy hugs the ſturdy Oak ſo faſt:
And thus you ſwore, in Accents fit to uſe,
When Woman would ſome cred'lous Fop abuſe:
" Whilſt prowling Wolves infeſt the tender Lambs,
" And tear them trembling from their bleating Dams;
" Whilſt ever-young *Apollo*'s golden Hair,
" Looſe and unpoll'd, waves wanton in the Air;
" Whilſt angry Tempeſts ſwell the winter Sea;
" *Horace*, our mutual Love ſhall conſtant be."
You ſhall, *Neæra*, when too late, repent
Your Falſehood, which I bravely can reſent.
Once vex'd, no more ſhall my fond Heart give place
To the bewitching Beauties of your Face.
And thou, my Rival, who now joy'ſt to ſee
Thy Happineſs confeſs my Miſery,
Tho' bounteous Nature well improv'd by Art,
Tho' Heaps of Gold their ſhining Aid impart,
To make thee reign the Idol of her Heart;
Yet, in my Turn, I ſhall rejoice to ſee
The Nymph jilt you, as ſhe has jilted me.

*The*

# *The* Female PHAETON.

*Addreſſed to his Grace the D. of* Queenberry *and* Dover.

WHEN *Britain's* HORACE tun'd his Lyre,
To ſing the noble Maid,
Whoſe Beauty ſet the World on fire,
Amidſt the Flames he play'd.
*Hyde's* matchleſs Charms, my *Prior's* Wit,
Learn'd Foreigners ſhall know:
Thou both (ſaid *Mercury*) tranſmit
From *Thames* to diſtant *Po*.
Strait I invok'd the *Latian* Muſe;
E'en then I could divine,
*Sicilian* Muſes Bays would chuſe,
To charm the Royal Line.
O *Queenberry!* could happy *Gay*
This Off'ring to thee bring,
'Tis his, my Lord, (he'd ſmiling ſay)
Who taught your *Gay* to ſing.
A numerous Race extend your Joys,
Lovely, illuſtrious Pair!
Heroes and Patriots be the Boys,
Each Girl as *Kitty* fair.

## PHAETHUSA.

EGregia *Lyde* forma, jam cruda marito,
Ludens exultim more triennis equæ,
His Matrem verbis, in quæ facit ira diſertam,
Alloquitur pulchram pulchrior Ipſa ſuam.

Diſplicuit (quid enim!) cautæ cuſtodia Matris,
Nec tulit ulterius Virgo latere domi,
Impoſitas exoſa preces, normamque ſeveram;
Quando animo Pallas regnat, & ore Venus.

Heu! famulas inter triſtis concludar aniles?
Tetrica virgineo pollice Scripta terens?
Ni fallor, Natura alios me finxit in uſus,
Gratior & tenero pectore cura ſedet.

Cognatas inter Dominas quid *Flavia* felix
Diſcurret, cunctis conſpicienda locis?
Serviet huic uni cum lætis Scena Choreis,
Et multa victrix cæde redibit ovans?

Num qua Naturæ ſecreta dote ſuperbit?
Munere quo Soror eſt anteferenda mihi?
Deperit hanc Procerum cur prætextata Juventus?
Integer hic *Lyden* nominat, ille bibit?

O!

## *The* Female PHAETON.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Beſpeaks the *Fair*, from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forſaken?
*Kitty*'s for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Shall Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Masks and Balls make all the Rout;
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt;
That all Mankind for her muſt die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a *Toaſt*?

O! Semel experiar liceat, chariſſima Mater.
Quid valeam, atque aura liberiore frui.
Conſcia Forma jubet promittere, Nobilis alter,
Qui mihi captivum ſe fateatur, erit.

Incedam paribus tua *Lyde* elata triumphis:
Agnoſcet vires transfuga turba meas.
Hoſce oculos ſequitur Victoria, mœſta dolebit
Me prodire Sorer, ſed latuiſſe Proci.

Inſtanti toties poterat jam dura videri
Mater, ni talis Nata movere queat.
Optatum obtinuit Currum male blanda Puella,
Et flammas toto ſparſit in Orbe novas.

## —*Ineſt ſua Gratia parvis.*

ASpice quot Veneres facie ſpectantur in una!
Exigua in Tabula Gratia quanta nitet!
Praxitelis Phidiæque Deas, quas Græcia jactat,
Vincit fœminea Fœmina picta manu.

Deareſt Mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd my Fortune try.
I'll have my Earl as well as She,
Or know the Reaſon why.

With *Jenny*'s Pride I'll ſoon quit ſcore,
Make all her Lovers fall,
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondneſs prevail'd; Mamma gave way,
*Kitty*, at Heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on fire.

## *On Mrs* L----'s PICTURE, *drawn in Miniature by Mrs* La Groot.

HOW many Beauties centre in one Face!
How ſmall the Tablet; but how ſweet the Grace;
The Goddeſſes of *Greece* and *Rome* muſt own
Themſelves and Painters by this Piece outdone.

## *The* PICTURE.

SHould ſome great Genius labour to diſpenſe
A finiſh'd Piece of Female Excellence.
Should he deſcribe her Noble without Pride:
Serene her Looks, as a calm Summer's Tide.
Adorn'd by Nature; well-improv'd by Art.
Her well-weigh'd Words, the Meſſage of her Heart.
Bounteous as *April* Showers; but not profuſe:
Expence directed leſs by *Show* than *Uſe*.
Known to the Wiſe, and by the Wiſe rever'd.
By ſweeteſt Manners to her Friends endear'd.
Chearful as Innocence, or new-born Day.
Her Paſſions guarded by right Reaſon's Sway.
By conſcious Virtue beſt ſecur'd from Fear.
Candid to others: to herſelf ſevere.
Religious, without Bigotry: without
The Hypocrite's Formality, devout.
Who ſuch a lovely Portraiture ſhould ſee,
And not confeſs that FORTESCUE was She?
The bright Original would give it Fame,
And make the Piece immortal as her Name.

SENEX.

## To Mrs. EL. C-----s.

*On Sight of the Hon. Mrs* Forteſcue's *Picture given to her in the Lid of a Snuff-Box.*

WHilſt we, ELIZA, fondly gaze
On the Reſemblance of her Face,
Adorn'd with Flowers and wavy Locks,
In the ſame Circle of that Box:
Or in the Pannel view the *Fair*, †
With a *Madona*'s penſive Air;
In various Poſture, Size and Dreſs,
The Charmer we the ſame confeſs.
So *Phœbus* does no Changes know,
However he appears below;
Or veil'd with Clouds, or ſprightly gay,
In *Capricorn*, or blooming *May*.
*Apelles* may the Colour ſtrike,
And draw the niceſt Features like.
No Pencil ever yet deſign'd
The laſting Beauties of the Mind.
Who beſt would ſhew this noble Maid,
Let him invoke *Urania*'s Aid.

† *The Lady's Picture amongſt other Family-Pieces in the Great Parlour at* Caſtle Hill.

When

When Time diſſolves that lovely Frame,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill preſerve her Fame.
The *Portraiture*, which *Senex* drew,
* Did *Pindon*'s, and *Goupee*'s out-do. †

* *He drew her Picture at Length.* † *She in the Snuff-Box.*

## *To Miſs* LUCY INCLEDON.

*Dear Miſs*,

WHOM Heaven is pleas'd to ſave
From the Confines of the Grave,
A Mother's Prayers are not deny'd,
Whoſe Patience had ſo oft been try'd. *
The raging Fever diſappears,
Cool'd by Sighs, and quench'd by Tears;
And hopes ſucceed thy Parents Fears.

Thou, Duty for their Care return,
Till — both are gather'd to their Urn.
Sweet Bloſſom; may thy Father ſee
His Mother's Image live in Thee.
Ripen'd to Woman, may'ſt thou prove,
Without her Fears, a Mother's Love.

* *She had bury'd ſeveral Children.*

## *An EPISTLE to the Rev. Mr.* B. HONYCOMB, *at* Caſtle-hill, *the Seat of the Rt Hon. Lord* CLINTON, *in* Filleigh.

KIND Greetings to my deareſt Friend,
Which I had rather bring, I ſend.
Confin'd to Bed, I reſtleſs lie,
And all the various Poſtures try;
Athwart, along, this Side, now that;
I pray, I write, I read, I chat:
And all a gentle Nap to gain,
A ſhort Parentheſis from Pain.

The Night is paſt, the Day appears,
The *Matin*-Bell the Reader hears;
The Book and Surplice poſts away,
To buckle Shoes he will not ſtay.
The ſatchel'd Youth to School repair,
Counting each Step that brings 'em there.
By Nine a Group of Boys attends,
Such as my Grammar-Vizier ſends.

—What have you?—*Epictetus*, Sir.
—What? Brother Cripple? Come, let's hear,
From him one may be taught to bear.
Begin—" Nor Blows, nor railing Tongue,
" Can ever do the wiſe Man wrong.
" The Miſchief does from *Fancy* riſe:
" None ſuffer, but thro' *Prejudice.* †"
—Had he the Gout! my Pains proclaim,
That *Stoiciſm* 's but a Name.

To *Homer* is my next Reſort,
And fighting Heroes make me Sport.
To-Day *Patroclus* fell (foul odds!)
Attack'd by Men, diſarm'd by Gods.

To-Morrow, Sir, (ſays ‖ *Jack*) you'll hear,
(If not too troubleſome)—Ne'er fear—
Of *Thetis* being to *Vulcan* gone,
To beg new Armour for her Son.
His Wife, not *Venus*, that fair Slattern,
But courteous *Grace*, for Wives fit Pattern,
Receives her with unfeign'd Careſſes,
Whilſt *Vulcan* waſhes, ſhifts, and dreſſes.
As he approach'd, two Damſels fair,
The Produce of his Forge and Care,

† *Epict.* Cap. 27. ‖ Mr *H.*'s Son.

Crutches

Crutches of animated Gold,
Their Maker's tott'ring Steps uphold.

If Crutches they, or Damſels were,
Let Criticks as they pleaſe declare:
In this both you and I 're agreed,
They 're bleſt who neither of 'em need.

At Noon the Youngſters glad retreat
From Books to Liberty and Meat;
The tuneful Raps, on Dreſſer play'd,
Releaſe the Turnſpit and the Maid.

*Ixion* ſo, when *Orpheus* ſings,
Stops to the Muſick of his Strings.
*Molly*, beyond my Merits good,
Brings me at once herſelf and Food:
Bids me to taſte this Soup, that Chick;
What! ſtarve for fear of being ſick?
But, fix'd to Bed, I let it lie,
Abſtemious, thro' Neceſſity.

*Ulyſſes* ſo to Main-maſt bound,
Unmov'd, could hear the *Siren*'s Sound.
A *Faulchion* pendant (as I 've read)
O'er hungry *Damocles*'s Head,

So ſcar'd the Wretch, he could not eat
One Ounce of the luxurious Treat.
I, his Reverſe, my Meal forego,
For fear of Daggers in each *Toe*.

By two, a Paper Medly 's brought,
Some coarſe, ſome Pieces finer wrought.
The Dawn of Reaſon here I ſpy:
A Thought in Embryo there does lie.
An unfledg'd Muſe here tempts a Flight,
Flutters, but cannot reach the Height.
But when juſt Thoughts to Numbers join'd,
Like Diamonds poliſh'd, ſtrike my Mind:
Tho' oft I've wiſh'd a ſafe Retreat,
From haughty Heirs untimely great;
I grudge not that my Schemes were croſt,
Nor ſay, my thankleſs Toil 's quite loſt.

BARUM, *From Bed*,
October, 1730.

## *Second EPISTLE to the Rev. Mr* B. HONYCOMB.

NOW forty Rounds the glorious Sun
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* his Courſe has run.
Since I, on ambling Dun convey'd,
To *Filleigh*'s Lord my Duty pay'd.
Tea done, will you (ſays my good Lord)
A Viſit to the Sick afford?
That Servant ſhews you, where you'll find,
The Gout has Father *Ben* confin'd.
I found my Friend in Pomp was laid,
And Stranger *Gout* was welcome made.
Th' enflannel'd Foot I did explore,
And hail'd the Earneſt of Fourſcore;
Pleas'd that thy chearful Voice and Face
No agonizing Pains confeſs;
Serene above thy Spirits flow,
Fin'd by the *Lembick* in thy Toe.
Could thy Friend's Wiſhes have prevail'd;
Had not the flattering Proſpect fail'd;
E're this, we 'ad found thee unconfin'd,
Thy Body free as is thy Mind.

But *Gout* acquir'd by Art (they ſay)
Does not ſuch courtly Viſits pay.
'Tis eaſier far (as Nurſes tell)
To raiſe a Spirit, than to quell.
When factious Heads Diſputes create,
And Luſt of Power divides the State;
Ye Quacks in Politicks, who invite
A Foreign Force to ſet all right;
Pray tell me, when your Work is done,
Who'll bid the Conqueror be gone?
'Tis *Natural* what I endure,
The Cauſe I know, I know the Cure:
As by Repletion it was bred,
It dies of Courſe, by not being fed.

To ſoften preſent Pain, my Muſe
Of Pleaſure paſt the Scene reviews.
E'en ſtill before my Eyes I have
The Proſpect, which thy Window gave.
The *Grotto* at fit Diſtance plac'd,
Its Front with *artful* Ruins grac'd;
Its gloomy *Arch*, the Muſes Seat,
Or penſive Lovers cool Retreat.
Where liſt'ning Echo does reply
To ev'ry tuneful Note, or Sigh.

Here,

Here, whilſt the Plough purſues its Courſe,
Nor Roots nor Rocks reſiſt its Force.
Sooner it levels ſtubborn Lands,
Than could *Briareus'* hundred Hands.

There Nature's *verdant Carpet*'s ſpread,
Young *Groves* here wave their tender Head,
The forward Promiſe of a Shade.
Heaven's azure Roof, bright *Phœbus'* Ray,
On the *Canal*'s ſmooth Mirrour play.
There *hanging Slopes*, with Herbage crown'd,
The fair *enamel'd Plain* ſurround,
Sweet *Landskip!*—Next, my Muſe, who did,
And how, divert the Invalid?

† The Lady firſt, ſo very good,
She's Virtue cloath'd in Fleſh and Blood.
Pitying ſhe ſmil'd. O! ſuch a Smile
A Rack of Torture would beguile.
Why is not yet, too worthy Maid,
Thy Debt to Love and Hymen paid?

Now *Wit* does with *good Nature* join,
And joyous Talk, and generous Wine,
Our Spirits raiſe, our Mirth refine.

† The Hon. Mrs *Forteſcue*, Ld *Clinton*'s Siſter.

Sweet

Sweet ‖ *Hal* his kind Aſſiſtance lends,
The beſt of Brothers, and of Friends.
No wonder that—The Twins of *Jove*,
At *Filleigh*, might be taught to love.
Him *Carſwell* † joins, politely bred,
No leſs in Men than Volumes read:
By Arts and Travels made complete,
To pleaſe, and to improve the Great.
The Reverend Paſtor too was come,
Sworn Foe to wooden Shoes and *Rome*.
At Tables I attack the Sage,
Let him not play, who's prone to Rage.
*Sice-Cinque* my Throw, one *Man* in haſte,
At once o'er half the Courſe was paſt.
The Wretch that 's left (ſays he) I'll keep;
*Sice-Ace* prevents his nimble Leap.
Succeeding Moves bar up my Way,
So cloſe he marches in Array.
I ſee th' inextricable Toil,
His ſix in Rank. and two in File.
Were *Fleury* here, he'd laugh (thought I)
That *Britons* can with *Frenchmen* vie,
No more at Game, than Policy.

‖ Mr *H.*'s Brother. † *Vid.* Epiſtle to Ld *Clinton*.

—But

——But hush——I feel the drowsy God,
My Eyes grow heavy——and I nod——
Dear Friend, no longer *Opiates* try:
Accept the Muses *Lullaby.*

*From Easy-Chair,*
October, 1736.

## *From* Martial, Ep. 78. Book 4.

VARUS, t' other Day, some Friends did invite,
To share a spruce Supper, and spend a gay Night.
The Damask was spread, and the Glasses were set,
And the Pride all display'd of the gilded Buffet.
At *Five*, by Appointment, the Guests were all come:
But the Clock had struck *Six* ere he *would* be at Home.
Two Hours were spun out; not a Soul bid to fetch in
A Flask from the Cellar, a Dish from the Kitchen.

So vain, and so stingy, old *Varus!* I hate
The Man who would treat me, like *Midas*, with Plate.
We came not to feast here our Eyes, but to eat;
Then away with thy Gew-gaws, or give us some Meat.

## *To the* CZARINA.

ILluſtrious HEROINE, accept the Praiſe,
No venal Muſe to royal Merit pays.
With ſteady Sway who your vaſt Empire guide,
O'er Arts and Arms, like *Pallas*, who preſide.

Nature, O Virgin Queen! when you were born,
To dignify your Sex, and Power adorn,
For Thee had form'd ſome Hero; but before,
To make Thee perfect, laviſh'd all her Store.

Such our ELISA was. O may you ſee
A Reign as long, as glorious as She.

Whilſt haughty Monarchs, with Ambition blind,
Purſue their Conqueſts to enſlave Mankind;
Your royal Bounty Kingdoms did reſtore,
Which cruel Arms from helpleſs Orphans tore.

Like *Nemeſis* you draw your righteous Sword,
To make reluctant Princes keep their Word.
The generous Cauſe may Victory attend,
And peaceful Olive with your Laurels blend.
Aſſerted by thy Arms whilſt *Cæſar* reigns,
And raviſh'd *Poland* wears not *Gallick* Chains:
Th' admiring World ſhall, to thy Glory, own,
'Tis greater to *ſupport*, than *wear* a Crown.

*An*

## *An EPISTLE to the Rt Hon. Ld* CLINTON, *of* Caſtle-hill; *on the Death of Mr* WILLIAM CARSWELL.

*My* LORD,

FORGIVE th' Ambition of an humble Friend,
His tributary Tears with yours to blend.
So ſome ſmall Rivulet is proud to join,
Its nameleſs Waters with the glorious *Rhine*.
Brave *Forfar*'s noble Mother will not read,
Her tender Heart unmov'd, that *Carſwell*'s dead.
With well-plac'd Care, who form'd the hopeful Youth,
To gentle Manners, Learning, and to Truth;
Watch'd when the Dawn of Reaſon firſt began,
The forward Promiſe of a finiſh'd Man.
Pleas'd to behold in his lov'd Pupil ſhine,
Th' hereditary Virtues of his Line.
To ſeek his Sire *Ulyſſes*' duteous Son,
From Iſle to Iſle did thro' th' *Ægean* run.
Sage *Mentor* made *Telemachus* his Care,
His Father's Kingdom's, and his Virtue's Heir.
Safe he eſcap'd the Dangers of his Tour,
In Camps, in Courts, and fair *Galypſo*'s Bower.

Such was the Guardian you in *Carſwell* choſe,
(And the Succeſs your happy Judgment ſhows.)
When you, my Lord, thro' *Europe*'s Courts would go,
Their Laws, their Manners, and their Arts to know.

So *Bees* awhile their waxen Cells forſake,
To diſtant Groves their buſy Journey take;
Each painted Flower and od'rous Plant explore,
And ſafe return'd, enrich th' ambroſial Store.

Whilſt you the diff'rent Ills maturely weigh,
Or in *Republicks*, or *deſpotick Sway*,
Pleas'd in *Britannia*'s well-pois'd State you find,
*Prerogative* with *Liberty* is join'd.
Knowledge your End, and all that could adorn,
Your State, and Titles, more than yet you've borne.
In whom the *Patriot* does outſhine by far,
The Staff, the Key, the Garter, and the Star,
With ev'ry Badge of Power, that Fav'rites wear.

Abroad who viſit, ignorant at home,
Cannot be ſaid to *travel*, but to *roam*.
Raw, unfledg'd Things, their Neſt they raſhly quit,
Their Minds *chart blank*, for all Impreſſions fit:
They dreſs--fence--fiddle--ſometimes think of Wit.
The Ramble's finiſh'd—but we bluſh to find,
They've left their native Innocence behind.

Whilſt

Whilſt ev'ry Country furniſhes ſome Vice;
*Germany* Drinking: *Gallia* Cards and Dice:
The *Italians* Hate: the *Spaniards* Pride: and *Rome*
Looſe *Atheiſts*, or fierce *Bigots*, ſends them home.
From *Calvin* their weak Heads this Doctrine raiſe,
The Will controll'd, nor merits Blame, nor Praiſe.
*Virtue* and *Vice* impute to rigid *Fate*,
Alike the *Mitre* and the *Crown* they hate.

Whom *Carſwell* guides, are to their Country brought,
With uſeful Knowledge and Experience fraught.
The Learn'd he knew, not to the Learn'd unknown;
Each Country to the wiſe Man is his own.
With Foreign Zealots never would engage,
Who want of Argument ſupply with Rage.

Of Travels tir'd, with you he thankful choſe
The proffer'd Comfort of a ſweet Repoſe,
Where eaſy Freedom did the Boon enhance;
Where Nature's ſafeſt Phyſick, Temperance,
Whilſt bounteous Heaven allow'd, ſecur'd his Health;
Wiſdom his ſole Purſuit, he ask'd not Wealth,
Nor with a *Cynic*'s ſurly Pride diſdain'd;
Happy to *Agur*'s golden *Mean* attain'd.

But I in vain, bleſs'd Soul! attempt to raiſe,
In feeble Verſe, a Monument of Praiſe.

To eternize thy Name, it ſhall be ſaid,
That *Clinton*, great and good, laments his *Carſwell* dead.

## *On the* DEATH *of Mr* JOHN NEWEL, *who dy'd* Nov. 21ſt, A. D. 1733. Æt. 81.

WHilſt aged, venerable NEWEL lay,
Panting for *Freedom* and *immortal Day*;
Diſſolv'd by Tears his duteous Offſpring ſtood,
Learned as *Nelſon*, and as *Nelſon* good.
The Saint expiring calmly thus reprov'd:
*O dear by* Blood, *more for thy* Virtue *lov'd!*
*Let not fond Sorrow thus unman thy Face:*
*Theſe Tears thy Father's Triumphs but diſgrace.*
*Death is a Privilege to Pain and Years,*
*The Object of my* Wiſhes, *not my* Fears:
*Their Diſſolution let the Guilty dread.*——
Serene he ſpoke—then dying turn'd his Head.

Martial,

# Martial, Book 5. Ep. 5. Imitated.

## *To* CHR. LOVEACRE.

YOU ask, and I own it well worthy your Care,
How I would adviſe you to bring up your Heir.
Can he read? can he write? his Brains ne'er encumber,
With Gerunds and Supines, Grammatical Lumber:
*Orbilius* ne'er ſwitch for falſe Concord his Rump,
'Till *Sceptre ſcholaſtick* be worn to a Stump.
In *Tully*, or *Virgil*, ne'er ſquander thy Pelf;
Let *Latin* and *Greek* lie worm-eaten on Shelf.
Diſlike not the Boy, when his Mouth he does ope,
If he let not fly out one rhetorical Trope.
Nor ſend him to *College* from School, when grown bigger,
To learn to chop Logick in Mood and in Figure.
In *Weſtminſter-Hall* let him fight no Law-Prizes.
Nor buſtle for Fees and Renown at Aſſizes.
In Rhymes ſhould he dabble, ne'er let him inherit;
But ſcribble for Bread in a Bookſeller's Garret.
Preferment was once the Reward of great Learning,
Court, City and Country, are now more diſcerning;
Trade, Politicks, Buſineſs are grown out of Faſhion,
And Opera's now the Concern of the Nation.

Let

Let him learn well to fiddle, or pipe, and to dance,
Of ſome *Gelding* from *Rome*, or ſome *Monkey* from *France*:
The Rewards of each Winter will Thouſands advance.

If clumſy or ſtupid, he mocks all their Pains,
And has Lead in his Heels, as well as his Brains;
Diſmiſs him from Minuets, Clifts, Diapaſon:
He'll make a Town-Cryer,---at leaſt a Free-Maſon.

## *The* Viſiting-LADY.

GAYLOVE is dreſt, ſerene and ſweet the Air:
*Roger* muſt drive her; but ſhe knows not where.
---At *Flippant*'s firſt, next *Lovemore*'s ſet me down,
Laſt at *Picquet*'s---They're all gone out of Town.
---Then to St *James*'s I'll directly go;
To Lady *Courtly* I a Viſit owe.
---Yours of laſt *Tueſday* ſhe has not return'd;
Ladies, who don't Punctilio's keep, are ſcorn'd.
Your Debt to Lady *Conſtance* would you pay?
---Hideous! She'll neither Scandal talk, nor play.
---Or *Townly*?---No, her Sir's an ill-bred Fool,
Quadrille and Viſits are his Ridicule.
Then She's a *Prude*, and lives and talks by Rule.
---Madam, determine,---or the Night will come.
---Then, *Roger*, drive me any where,---but Home.

To

## To *J. D.* Esq; at *Trin. Coll. Oxon.*

### *An* EPISTLE, 1731.

DEAR Sir, who wisely dost retreat,
From rural Scenes to Learning's Seat,
To cultivate be still thy Care,
With Arts and Virtue *O---rl---gb*'s Heir,
Whilst Heirs broke loose, with present Store
Of Learning pleas'd, desire no more.
Above Advice, exempt from Rule,
What? must I ever go to School?
Preside o'er Bumpkins, or the Great
Ape with expensive awkward State?
Some few you find (thank Heaven, but few)
Of this untutor'd, headstrong Crew,
A *Medley* of contrariant Vice,
Youth's Fire, and Age's Avarice.
Thou blest in Youth! to whom descend
Thy Father's Fortunes, and his Friend.
His Counsels must successful prove,
Since Truth and Wisdom join with Love.
To latest Age may'st Thou possess
Health uncorrupted by Excess!

At Sixty you will not complain
Of the *Gout*'s ſalutary Pain:
Since Indolence of Body may
To Indolence of Thought betray.

Whene'er a ſmarter Touch denies
(As now) ſweet Slumber to my Eyes,
I ſtrive ſoft Verſes to indite,
Such as our modern Laureats write.

Fain would I ſing, as *Waller* ſings,
How, *where our Navy ſpreads her Wings,*
Here *Homage, Peace to all ſhe brings.*
How *all conſent to love, or fear,*
*Where'er our Admirals appear.*

Sometimes by roving Fancy led,
I to *Change-Alley* am convey'd.
Oh! that I could, like *Swift*, deſcribe
The Lottery, or Stock-jobbing Tribe.
" Slow are the Profits now of Trade;
" Come *Nykin*, we'll at once be made.
" Thy Grandeur is my Soul's Deſire,
" If we can't purchaſe---we may hire.
" Faint-hearted Fools, for preſent Pay,
" Lend out their *Horſes* * by the Day. " My

* Some, who had Tickets in the State-Lottery for this Year, us'd to lend them out at ſo much a Day: Theſe hir'd Tickets were call'd Horſes in the Cant of thoſe Times.

" My Wedding-Ring and Suit I'll pawn;
" Who knows?---the Thouſands a'n't all drawn.
The Scene to *Britain*'s Court is chang'd,
I ſee the Nation's *Hopes* all rang'd.
Whilſt from the Throne the *Royal Pair*
Welcome th' *Illuſtrious Foreigner*.
*Clermont* with *Euſton* vies, which beſt
Shall entertain the Hero Gueſt.
When Fate to Empire makes his Way;
His Grandſire's great Example may
Inſtruct him how the *Turk* to beat;
But *Britiſh* Stateſmen how to treat.
*Themes!* lofty *Themes!* I did propoſe,
Worthy of Verſe, too great for Proſe.
Falſe *Girard*, thou chaſtis'd had'ſt been;
Ungrateful Cits had felt my Spleen,
Who, ſav'd by Great *Naſſau*, deny'd
Room for his Statue in *Cheapſide*.
By me that *Hero* ſhould be prais'd,
And high in Song immortal rais'd.
But ah! I muſt the Task refuſe;
For who can ſing without a Muſe?

## *Second Epiſtle to* JOHN D. *Eſq;*

THE Muſe's Aid, from Night till Morn,
I courted.——She reply'd with Scorn,
Well I remember, tho' the Sun
His Courſe thro' all the Signs has run,
How you, in Gout and Flannel laid,
Implor'd my undeſerved Aid.
Pitying thy heavy Head and Feet,
I help'd thee then thy Friends to greet:
Indited for thee two long Letters,
To make thy Rev'rence to thy *Betters*. *
For Verſe too lazy you, without
The needful Torture of the Gout,
(As if your Brains, like Clock-work, go
By the meer Force of Weight below)
From Pain releas'd, deſerted us,
And *Dun* preferr'd to *Pegaſus*.
But oh! how was I pleas'd to ſee,
Without the Help of Pain, or Me,
How thou did'ſt Penance in an Ode, †
For Diſreſpect to Journal ſhew'd.

Thy

* Vide p. 17. † A *Latin* and *Engliſh* Ode on tearing *B.*'s Journal, vid. p. 67.

Thy next Attempt on *Latin* Song; †
Then, on *Apollo*'s Fav'rite *Virgil*. ‖
Ill-natur'd Criticks might have found,
For happy Flights thou wert too sound.
But now thou 'rt caught —— And now again
Thou want'ſt the Muſe's Anodyne.
If you muſt ake—or write—leave Rhyme;
At Fifty Seven ſure 'tis time.
A Whetſtone be to younger Brains:
Let growing Poets thank your Pains.
Content yourſelf with humble Proſe;
Plain Doctrine for your Flock compoſe.
If you'll tranſlate——don't do it ſo,
The Author his own Works can't know.
Prove againſt *Woolſton*'s impious Squabbles,
That Miracles are Facts, not Fables;
Credentials ſo abſolute,
None in his Senſes would diſpute.
Guard againſt *Br——n*, that falſe Brother,
Who preaches one Way, looks another.
Seeks for Preferment in the Church,
By leaving Biſhops in the Lurch.
Grants, that the Sacred Order ſtands
Appointed by Divine Commands: But

† Vid. p. 119. ‖ An extempore Tranſlation of *Bonus Rimex*, ſaid to have been wrote by the Hon. *Mr. W. Y.* vid. p. 12 of *Latin* Poems.

But Precepts *positive* may ceaſe,
As Times ſhall change, and Rulers pleaſe.
Hence mark the dangerous Inference;
For if *Convenience* may diſpenſe
With *Right Divine*, *Convenience* may,
By the ſame Rule, take *Tythes* away.

Shew the *Freethinker* next, with † *M—dge*,
The *Libertine*'s the greateſt Drudge.
If, like a Savage, he gives way
To his own Luſt's impetuous Sway;
Or, boaſting Freedom, lives by Rule,
Leſt the Wiſe think him mad, or Fool.
His Slavery is ſtill the ſame;—
Slave to his Paſſions, or to Fame.

Thus ſpake the Sibyl Muſe, and fled;
With grateful Nod I dropt my Head.

NOVEMBER, 1731.

† That Gentleman has handſomely handled this Subject in his Sermon preach'd in St *Peter's*, *Exon.*

## *The* CHOICE.

FOOLS ready made, *Coquets* for Huſbands take;
Whilſt *haughty Prudes* Fools of their Huſbands make.
Chuſe which you pleaſe; let Her you fancy rule;
*Husband*'s the Title; but the Thing is *Fool*.

*On*

## *On Mr* Pope's *Translation of* Homer.

ASk'd by my Friend, * How in his *English* Dress
I *Homer* like? My Praise I thus express:
As Souls from Bodies free'd the Change survive,
His Spirit does in this Translation live.
So well our *British* Heroines are taught
By their *own* Poet, how the *Grecian* thought,
How lov'd his Heroes, and how bravely fought.
Had *Pope* and *Homer* Countries chang'd and Date;
So *Pope* had writ; so *Homer* would translate.

* The Question was ask'd several Years since by Dr *J. F.* one of the finest Scholars, and ablest Physicians of the Age.

## Martial's *Ep.* 9. *Book* 1. *Translated.*

YOU *Cato*'s Rules and *Thraseas*' follow, so
As not your Life or Safety to forego:
Not madly rush unarm'd on Swords and Spears,
In this the Wisdom of my Friend appears.
If Blood to Fame immortal be the Way;
Cowards distrest will that cheap Purchase pay.
The Name of *Hero* him alone I give,
Who, loaded with the Ills of Life, dares live.

The

## The Power of LOVE.

*——Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* Ov. Met.

THE Gods and Goddeſſes, of old,
Fair Mortals oft careſt;
No Mortal, but *Ixion* bold,
Thoſe Powers with Love addreſt.

*C——te* ſhould have learn'd, from his ſad Fate,
More humbly to aſpire:
And not attempt the ſacred Gate,
Where, *Anna*, you retire.

Worthy of Empire! Royal Maid!
Yet not ſo high as fair!
Sure 'twas Devotion he'd have paid:
His Billet was a Prayer.

Since your reſiſtleſs Beauty ſo
Tranſports the frantic Swain:
The Fault may well its Pardon owe
To Pity, or Diſdain.

If he muſt ſuffer; let him live:
Death would be leſs ſevere.
Beauty no greater Pain can give,
Than Love, and ſad Deſpair.

OR-

# ORLIDES.

## Carmen Natale. 3 *Kal. Dec.* *A. D.* 1732.

## *Viro doctissimo,* B. W. *dicatum.*

AMICE dulcis, carminis Fautor mei;
Dum *Camus* unda labitur leni, Domus
*Cajique* floret Literis, amabilis
Dicende Alumnus, & pius Matri tuæ;
Hanc candidus, quam postulas, Cœnam cape;
Paravit etsi nec Poeta, nec Cocus.

# *A* POEM *on the* BIRTH-DAY *of* J. D. *Esq;* 29*th of* Nov. A. D. 1732.

*The Translation address'd by a young Gentleman to* CLELIA.

## *Carmen amœbæum.*

PODARGUS. PAMPHILUS.

*Po.* ORlidæ, ut juvit te, *Pamphile*, Cœna benigne?
Nam celebrare diem Natalem dictus es illic,
Bis denis prius exactis. ——

*Pa.* ——Lautiſſima ſane.
Vina, dapes, & ligna focis ſolventia frigus;
Et ſine felle joci, riſus, & gaudia paſſim.
Hoſpitis acceſſere boni ſuper omnia vultus.

*Po.* Hæc quoniam, ſenio indulgens, metuenſque viarum,
Non egomet vidi; narret facundia præſens;
Ni grave ſit. ——

*Pa.* ——Quin tu, quoniam vacat & libet, audi.
Nam venator uti per ſaxa, per aſpera dumis
Sectatus leporem, aut ſurgentem in retia cervum,

Nocte

# A DIALOGUE.

PODARGUS *and* PAMPHILUS.

*Po.* HOW lik'd my Friend *Orlides'* Feaſt?
For you were there a Birth-Day Gueſt.

*Pa.* The Whole was, like himſelf, complete.
Generous Wines, delicious Meat:
Billets high heap'd on Billets lay,
And made *November* warm as *May*.
Good-Humour, Wit, and Joys abound,
Our Welcome in his Looks we found.

*Po.* Myſelf, you know, takes care of me,
Riding and Age don't well agree.
I did not, as I ought, appear,
But what I ſaw not, fain would hear:
If not too troubleſome.———

*Pa.* ———No trouble;
Repeating makes the Pleaſure double.
The Sportſman, who with Hound and Horn
Purſues the Game from earlieſt Morn,
O'er craggy Rocks, or verdant Plains,
Or Thickets his breath'd Courſer ſtrains,

Nocte domi dulces gaudet recitare Labores;
*Orlidæ* ſic cœna boni repetita placebit.

Acrem lenibat ſtomachum *Jus*, carne ita factum
Ex varia, ſapor ut ſimplex duntaxat & unus
Eſſet; conditum modico Sale: Cæpa, Piperque
Additur integrum, ut melius: nam tundier (aiunt)
Lex operis vetat, & ſectas huic incoquere herbas;
Illi ne accedat, quod meſſorum ilia ructant.

Damarum coſtis perfecta, atque aſpera ſignis
Nidores ſparſit gratos Artocrea. Clunes
Aſſantur pulchre; Simplex quarum altera, Lardo
Altera adoptivo pinguis. Bini Lepores hinc:
Illinc Perdices: Et juxta *Phaſidis* ales.
Languentem invitant Stomachum dubiumque Columbæ;
Quas tamen haud poteras primo dignoſcere morſu,

Uſque

When weary'd he returns, at Night,
The toilſome Pleaſure does recite.

*Imprimis* then, keen Hunger's Rage
With ſavoury Soup we did aſſwage.
One was the Taſte, tho' mix'd the Juice,
Of various Fleſh the rich Produce.
Here picquant Onion was infus'd,
With Salt and Pepper, but unbruis'd;
For pound it, and the Work were boil'd:
Or in it ſhould chopt Herbs be ſpoil'd,
Porrage, inſtead of Soup, you'd make,
Such coarſe Repaſt as Plowmen take.

A Paſty there, with Ven'ſon ſtor'd,
Its grateful Steams ſent round the Board.
Two roaſted Haunches here were plac'd,
This plain, with Lard the other grac'd.
Two Lev'rets there to freſh Delight
The Stomach, now grown nice, invite.
Here Partridge plump as ever flew,
The *Phaſian* Bird of lovely Hue.
Pidgeons in Maſquerade appear,
Pidgeons, I think, but would not ſwear;

Uſque adeo Natura latet varia arte Cocorum.

*Po.* Arti nulla fides: nimium ne crede Culinæ.
Eſt ut Lora vores tua luſus, ſi volet ars et
Ira. Cibum laudo variatum, ſimplice veſcor.
Quin age: queis fuerit te cum bene, ſcire laboro.

*Pa.* Nullum *Marcello* memorem prius. Ille ſenatu
Pleno jura Togæ ſacræ tutarier auſus.
Qui præponit equis doctorum Scripta virorum;
Hæres præclaræque Rei, laudiſque Paternæ.

Hic *Portumnus* adeſt, ſecurus cœlibe vitæ;
Iracundior hic; ſed Amicis certus amicus.
Pro Patria gnavus, quicquid venale ſit, odit.

Et bonus & ſapiens *Mentor*, Cuſtodia fida
Pupillis, conviva venit cum Conjuge; cui tu
*Penelopen* non prætuleris patientis *Ulyſſei*.

Huc

So well the Cook had play'd her Part,
That Nature was diſguis'd with Art.
*Po.* Art is deceitful, Cookery vain,
Made Diſhes praiſe; but feed on plain.
If the Cook's Rage and Art combine,
You may on your own Bridle dine. †
Now tell me, *Pamphilus*, each Gueſt,
Whoſe Preſence grac'd this friendly Feaſt.
*Pa.* The good *Marcellus* firſt I name,
His Merit does that Honour claim.
When he aſſerts the Clergy's Cauſe,
The Senate liſtens with Applauſe.
Books, not fine Horſes, are his Care,
His Father's Wealth, and Virtue's Heir.
*Portumnus* the next Place poſſeſt,
Strict Honour fills his manly Breaſt.
Of Love regardleſs; rough as Winds:
Yet kind and faithful to his Friends.
Stern Patriot, above a Bribe;
He hates the *Mercenary Tribe.*
*Mentor* to Orphans ſureſt Friend,
And his fair Spouſe this Feaſt attend.
Dull were his Choice, who would prefer
The fam'd *Penelope* to her.

† Vid. Bridle-Pye, p. 1. of the *Latin* Poems.

Huc cum *Fratre* tulit ſe *Clelia* veſte decora
Barbarica, & lucens pretioſis undique gemmis:
Sed gemmas oculis ſuperat, quas induit, omnes,
Quantum inter ſtellas præfulget Luna minores.

Proles digna!—Patri dedit Hic, dabit Illa nepotes.

Ipſe aderat Genitor, ſpoliis ornatus opimis,
Quæ toties Victor navali Marte reportat.

Venerat huc Patriæ ſtirpis ſpes una *Sebaſtus*,
Ore verecundus, lautoque inſignis amictu;
Proximus *Orlidæ* munus natale daturus.

Quadrigis properat, pulchra quem prole beatum
Pulchra *Maria* facit, *Larneſtus*. Bella ſenectus
*Villetti* ſimul his: Cœlebs & dives, amicus
*Larneſto*, quem ſpe; Sed ne ſpe paſcat inani.

Accumbit

O! *Clelia*, how can I expreſs
Thy lovely Form, thy graceful Dreſs!
The glitt'ring Gems, that round thee ſhone,
But by thy brighter Eyes outdone,
As twinkling Stars are by the Moon!

Thy Brother's ſmiling Branches ſhow,
What you your gen'rous Father owe.
Delay not to improve his Joys,
By a fair Train of Girls and Boys.

Chearful he looks, adorn'd with Spoils,
The glorious Fruit of warlike Toils.

*Sebaſtus* did the Banquet grace,—
Sole Hope of his good Father's Race,
Dreſt like a Bridegroom; when he ſpeaks,
Vermillion paints his downy Cheeks.
Himſelf, when twice twelve Moons are told,
Will ſuch another Birth-Day hold.

*Larneſtus*, with his fruitful Dear,
Conduct the rich *Villetto* there.
The Batchelor is old, but gay;
And bloſſoms even in Decay.
Swears he'll adopt *Larneſtus*' Son,
May he not play the ſly Volpone!

Accumbit *Momus*, pariterque *Colinus*, uterque,
Sive jocis petitur, vel cum petit ipſe, facetus.

*Po.* Convivas hilares narras, Convivia pulchra.

*Pa.* Exigui numero; ſed menſis vivida virtus,
(Dixiſſes.) Iter & Rus plumentaria nobis
Dat meliora Cocis—
—Sed nos quota portio Turbæ?
Nempe ſalutatum fidi acceſſere Clientes,
Inque novi Dominos agnoſcunt ore priores.
Fercula, quæ audiſti, grandis pars quantula Cœnæ!
Altilis Anſer: Anas fluvialis.——

*Po.* —— —— Parcius iſtis
Utendum, ut craſſis: aderunt ni fortia Vina.

*Pa.* Perna *Suis* tardæ peregrina glande recocta
Ponitur,

*Colinus* did in Scarf appear,
And *Momus* fill'd the vacant Chair.
Facetious both, or when they joke,
Or Wit in others do provoke.

*Po.* Good Company, my Friend, you met;
Coſtly and elegant the Treat.

*Pa.* Believe me, we were ſmart at Work,
And nimbly play'd the Knife and Fork.
*Arnaud* and *Lyons* † can't compare,
For Sawce, with trotting Nag and Air.

Our Company (you'd ſay) was ſmall,
Compar'd with that, which fill'd the Hall.
Each chearful Tenant——and his Dame,
To greet their bounteous Landlord came:
Pleas'd to behold in his lov'd Face,
The dear Reſemblance of his Race.

I did not half the Diſhes name,
Which ſmoaking to the Table came.
Wild Duck, and Teal, and fatted Gooſe—

*Po.* With theſe a Dram I'd ever chuſe.

*Pa.* *Weſtphalia* Gammon, ſav'ry Food,
With Savoy Cole ſurrounded ſtood.



† The two head Cooks at Court.

Ponitur, huic ſuccos acres emolliit ales
Extrema Nomadum de gente: domeſtica pingues
Cors Pullos dedit: elixis non oſtrea deſunt.
Omnia quæ expediit variorum docta ſaporum
Fœmina, cœnarum ſibi quæ recte arroget artem.

*Po.* Ohe! jam ſatis eſt ——

*Pa.* —— Patinam Domini tamen annos
Æquantem paribus pudeat reticere Placentis.

Ordine multiplici ut ſurgunt *Bellaria* in altum
Suſpicit attonitus, jam pleno ventre, *Colinus.*
" Barbara Pyramidum ſileat miracula Memphis:
" Dulcior hic nam ſurgit (ait.) Sic Pelio Oſſam
" Impoſuere ſati Terra." ——

—— Sic ſi itur ad aſtra,
Scande (refert *Momus*)—Subriſit *Clelia*; at ille,
Ride ſi ſapias, inquit, lepidiſſima Virgo;

Non

To blunt its acrimonious Taſte,
Cramm'd Pullets, nicely boil'd, were plac'd.
And a fat Hen from *Africk*'s Shore;
With Oyſters ſtew'd, well cover'd o'er.
She, who prepar'd all this, the Name
Of niceſt Cook may juſtly claim.

*Po.* Enough to cram a Corporation!

*Pa.* One Diſh, adapted to th' Occaſion,
'Twere Miſdemeanour to forget,
In it Mince-Pies thrice ſeven were ſet.

O! who the rich *Deſert* can praiſe?
The lofty Theme 's above my Lays.
*Colin*, who, buſy, had not ſpoke,
At ſight of this thus Silence broke:
" No more let *Memphis* her old Structures prize;
" For here a ſweeter Pyramid does riſe.
" The Sons of Earth. when they did Heav'n invade,
" The Mountain *Oſſa* thus on *Pelion* laid. "

If thus to Heav'n a Man may climb,
Begin (quoth *Momus*)—now 's the Time.

Here *Clelia* ſmil'd—Nay, charming Maid,
Laugh, but not eat, (rough *Momus* ſaid).

Leſt

Non ede: Corrumpunt niveos Bellaria dentes.

Oxygala exhaurit vitro bis terque, madeſcit
Extremum huic roſtrum ſpumanti lacte—*Colinus*,
" Ergo ne tu curvo ſuſpendes omnia naſo? "
Cui *Momus*, "Naſum, heus bone! non Dii cuique dedere."

Interea nullum, quot dives mittit *Iberus*,
Vinorum ceſſat genus, aut quot *Gallia* noſtra
Permutat Lana. Lana eſt pretioſior auro.
Quod ſi forte Merum cui non arrideat; illi
Pocula miſcentur mira feliciter arte.
Acri Dulce modum ponit, dum Debile Forti
Vim minuit; quadruplexque coit Diſcordia concors.

*Po.* Verum ubi dormiſtis? nam vix eſt Lectulus (aiunt)
Tertius hoſpitibus. —— ——

*Pa.* —— Pauci ſua tecta redibant.
Inter equos famuli recubant ſub tegmine fœni.
Aſt alii ante focum ſtertunt, cathedriſque ſupini.

Nos hilares noctem & calidi florente juventa
Ducimus inſomnem ludo, feſtiſque choreis.

Leſt you ſhould find, howe'er delicious,
Sweet-meats to thoſe white Teeth pernicious.

Three frothy Syllibubs he quaft,
And cream'd his Beak—*Colinus* laught;
"You 're noſy, *Mome*, where e'er you ſit—"
"Some would be glad of Noſe, or Wit."

Mean while aſſiduous *George* attends
With choiceſt Wines *Iberia* ſends,
Or *France*; to *Britiſh* Cullies ſold
For Wool, more precious than their Gold.
If ſimple Wines you ſhould refuſe,
In China Bowls, a compound Juice,
The Weak, the Strong, the Sharp, the Sweet,
Diſcordant in juſt Concord meet.

*Po.* But ſay, my Friend, how lodg'd you there?
Young Batch'lors have few Beds to ſpare.

*Pa.* The Neighbours to their Homes withdraw;
The weary Grooms to wholſome Straw.
Some near the Fire extended fry,
In elbow Chairs ſome ſnoring lie.

But we more youthy, ſcorning Sleep,
All Night with Play and Dance the Revel keep.

## *The* BOWL.

SUCH was the ſparkling Wine, and ſuch the Bowl,
With which ſage *Neſtor* chear'd his manly Soul;
His Courage heighten'd, and inſpir'd his Thought;
He counſel'd wiſely, and as bravely fought.
" In this let dear *Orlides'* Health go round. "
So *Mentor* ſaid, and drank. *Orlides* all reſound.
‖ Not *Bitias*, when he pledg'd his *Queen*, could boaſt,
So large a Goblet, or a lovelier Toaſt.
Scarce was thy reconciling Cup ſo fine,
† O *Vulcan!* tho' enchas'd by Hands divine.
Its ſpacious Size, its curious Figures prove,
At once the Donor's Elegance and Love.
Oft, as it circled, in this Wiſh we join'd,
Such *Guardians* ever may ſuch *Orphans* find.

‖ Queen *Dido*. Virg. Æn. 1. † Hom. Il. 1.

## *The* DRY JOKE.

GOD *Bacchus* well warm'd,
With Beauty was charm'd;
And *Cupid's* bright Mother addreſs'd:
She cry'd, You are ſilly---
I hate you---nor will I
Be thus by a Toper careſs'd.

Thus

Thus ſlighted, the God,
With an angry Nod,
Said, Adieu to you, Madam---in vain
You'll try to allure me;
Your Pride ſhall ſecure me
From courting coy Beauty again.

What *Bacchus* then ſpoke,
She hop'd was in Joke;
And again Wine and Love would agree:
But he, as malicious
As ſhe was capricious,
Her Error ſoon made her to ſee.

For Nymphs ſweet as *May*,
All met at a Play;
Where each was as fine as a Queen:
In each lovely Creature,
Art yielded to Nature,
Tho' deck'd all in Jewels are ſeen.

*Apollo* was there,
To charm ev'ry Ear;
But (what a mild Dove would provoke)
The Beaus who appear'd on
The Stage, ſtily lear'd on,
And left the fair Circle to choke.

Now *Venus* in vain
Does to *Bacchus* complain,
That Beauty was dying with Thirſt.
The God reply'd, ſmiling,
Her Coyneſs reviling——
Why did you provoke me then firſt?

O ye Ladies beware,
Be as kind as you 're fair,
Nor requite your fond Slaves with Diſdain;
A Lover, defeated
With Vengeance is hated,
And Miſchief ſtills runs in his Brain.

## *The* Barnſtaple *Concert.*

*Venter non habet aures.*

AMphion, we 're told
By the Poets of old,
Could thrum on his Harp a ſweet Ditty;
So ſweet, that the Stones
Danc'd a Galliard at once,
And ſettled in form of a City.

But, ye Muſical Sirs,
Not a Man of us ſtirs;
Tho' *Purcel* you play, and *Corelli*.
If you'd pleaſe, you muſt treat
With much Drink, and good Meat:
And ſo touch our Heart thro' our Belly.

## Part of *Hor.* Ode 3. B. 1. Imitated.

*By the Tranſlator of* ORLIDES.

FAIR *Cyprian* Goddeſs, Queen of Love,
Sweet Offspring of the foamy Deep;
And you, the ſhining Twins of *Jove*,
Who from mad Storms your Fav'rites keep.

The Wind's great Ruler, at whoſe Will
They roar, or in ſoft Murmurs ſigh;
Now Sea and Earth with Tempeſts fill,
Now huſh'd in rocky Caverns lie:

*Nereus*, with all the Nymphs, protect
The Ship in which *Orlides* ſails;
To *Gallia*'s Shores her Courſe direct,
Her Canvaſs fill'd with proſp'rous Gales.

Let him be your peculiar Care;
With him my better Half is gone:
For him I hope, for him I fear;
His Joys, his Dangers, are my own.

His Heart was hard as Oak or Steel,
Who vent'rous from his native Shore,
Firſt launch'd the crazy Veſſel's Keel,
The Sea's rough Boſom to explore.

The Man, who Shipwrecks can ſurvey,
Nor tremble at the diſmal Sight,
The Storms, the Monſters of the Sea;
What ghaſtly Shapes of Death can fright!

## *News from* VIENNA.

WHEN good *Æneas* from his native Shore,
*Troy*'s dear Remains for promis'd *Latium* bore;
*Juno*, *Jove*'s bitter Shrew, and haughty Queen,
(Nor Fire nor Exile could abate her Spleen)
Reſolves, againſt reſiſtleſs Fate's Decree,
Her *Carthage* ſhould the World's great Miſtreſs be.
Heav'n to her Schemes averſe, to Hell ſhe goes,
Call'd forth by magick Spells, *Alecto* roſe.
" The hated Race at laſt has croſt the Main,
" I purchas'd Storms, and *Dido* ſigh'd in vain:
" If he muſt have *Latinus*' Royal Maid,
" Make him thro' Blood to Love and Empire wade."
Thus furious *Juno* ſpoke.—The Fiend was joy'd,
To be by Spite beyond her own employ'd.

So Royal *L*——*s* conjures up the *Turk*,
To do Ambition's, and the Devil's Work;
*Hali* to *Mahomet* would reconcile,
Knew thoſe Impoſtors why, in Hell they'd ſmile.
Think, *Europe*'s Phaeton, think---yourſelf muſt grant,
If this be *Chriſtian*, *Belzebub*'s a Saint.

# *An* EPISTLE *to* SENEX, *againſt* SATIRE.

——*In Satira nimis acer.* Hor.

ENough, my Friend, your Muſe's Power is ſeen;
Smooth, when ſhe praiſes; when chaſtizes, keen.
In both alike unhappy you are found;
Your Praiſe is envy'd; but your Satires wound.
Stateſman, or Prelate be your Theme, or Prince;
Malice perverts your Lays.—All Coxcombs winch.
If one be touch'd; each thinks his Turn comes next.
Diſturb one Waſp, and the whole Swarm is vext.
Oft have I ſeen *Taw*'s ſlimy Banks all full
Of Godwit, Wheaker, Sanderlin and Gull.
Cloſe to the Mark the watry Sportſman crawls:
Tho' to his Skill one hapleſs Victim falls;
All take th' Alarm. The frighted Legions riſe;
With clutt'ring Noiſe reſound the vaulted Skies.
What Nature gave not, Fancy can diſpenſe;
Ladies are Beauties all; all Men have Senſe.
Why ſhould ill-natur'd Wit attempt to move
The pleaſing Error, which both Sexes love?
As from fantaſtick Ills, imagin'd Woe,
To Self-Tormentors real Troubles flow:

So from Opinion riſes Happineſs,
The Good, each thinks he has, he does poſſeſs.
Should a crack'd Templar, who did never look
In learned *Bracton*, *Forteſcue*, or *Coke*:
Full twenty Terms, much oft'ner did reſort
To Plays and coſtly Concerts, than to Court:
His Fortune ſpent, in his diſtemper'd Brain
Act o'er the viſionary Scene again:
"O ſweet Diſtreſs! (ſhould cry) O Fate of Kings!
"How *Oldfield* acts! Gods! how *Cuzzoni* ſings!"
Now laugh, now clap—"That's witty---O that's fine!
And beating Time the fancy'd Chorus join.
Tyrant of *Bedlam*, let thy Art alone;
His grateful Phrenſy cur'd, the Man's undone.
How many Evils does *Miſtake* relieve!
Whether Men others, or themſelves deceive.
How many, who for wiſe or honeſt go,
Do to *Miſtake* their Reputation owe!
Courtiers diſplac'd for Patriots declare;
Manage in *Caleb*'s Name the Paper-War.
Let the Deluſion circle; give it Room,——
Why you and I may paſs for Wits with ſome.
Poets and Painters are in this alike,
Who flatters beſt, does moſt the Fancy ſtrike.

Then

Then take the Hint, and draw each Character,
As all affect to be; not as they are.
Seeſt thou (or is't too far?) yon puny Wight
Seems to himſelf of *Brobdignagian* Height;
Struts, cocks, looks big--you'd almoſt ſwear he'd fight.
Indulgent be to all, and complaiſant:
Let *Henly* be an Orator and Saint.
In Splendor let *Change-Alley Phidon* live;
And *B——n* what he preach'd for Truth receive.
*Coſmelia* without Paint be young and fair;
*Rufa* without Lead-combs have auburn Hair.
If you muſt write----ſome Counſel I'll impart,
The Skill of Giving is no vulgar Art.
Small Thanks attend on a ſuperfluous Gift.
Fables to *Gay?* Satires to *Pope* or *Swift?*
Who Verſes writes to his poetick Friends,
To *Handel* Muſick, Flowers to *Miller* ſends?
Of Theme, or Patron, an unlucky Choice,
Defeats the Poet, and the Work deſtroys.
His happy Vein, his Skill in Law, his Tongue,
With ſweeteſt Accents, ſoft Perſuaſion hung,
To *Polydore* himſelf muſt not be ſung.
The modeſt Patron, by his Merit rais'd,
Stifles the Verſe, in which his Merit's prais'd.

Much

Much better would you pleaſe, could you rehearſe
His bulky Rent-Roll, meaſure Land, not Verſe.
The *Threſher*'s Labour, if diſcreetly laid,
The *Threſher*'s Labour ſhall be nobly paid.
From *Duck* and *Cibber* I this Rule advance,
Poets, like Gameſters, now thrive moſt by Chance.
*Duck*'s happy Genius, unimprov'd by Schools,
Richly ſupply'd the Want of labour'd Rules.
But ſtill alternate had he threſh'd and writ;
Had not learn'd *Macclesfield* reliev'd the Wit.
Patron of Arts, and Oracle of Law,
He Nature's Poet in the Peaſant ſaw.
Whom from the Threſhing-Floor to Court he drew,
The Muſe's Fav'rite, and Rewarder too.
And *Cibber* owes the Laurel to the Duke,
Who for a *Horace Roſcius* miſtook.
Were I thy Rival, and were I to chuſe;
Give me their Patrons, and keep thou thy Muſe.

COMMODUS.

## *Spoke to Mrs* E. N. *coming from her Toilet to receive a Viſit.*

WHAT needleſs Pains *Eliſa* takes,
Freſh Conqueſts to purſue!
My wounded Heart already akes;
What more would Beauty do?

——— *Simillima proles*
*Indiſcreta ſuis gratuſque parentibus error.* Virg.

Filia, necte roſas, Pater inquit Nobilis, *Annam*
Appellans: ridens dulce, *Maria* facit.

*In* ENGLISH:

*Make me a Noſegay*, Nancy; Granville *ſaid.*
Maria *curtſy'd, and with Smiles obey'd.*

WHEN *Granville* did her *Anna* bear,
In the ſweet Babe combin'd,
What Nature in the noble Pair
Moſt exquiſite could find.

The *Graces* pleas'd the Girl ſurvey'd,
With *Venus*, Queen of Love;
Confeſs'd its Beauties---"Yet (they ſaid)
"The Second we'll improve.

"Now charming *Granville* teems again;
"Let us complete the Child:
"And She the Queen of Hearts ſhall reign---"
At this *Lucina* ſmil'd.

"Review the Gift Heav'n firſt did ſend,
"What can your Powers do more?
"The Work your Goddeſsſhips can't mend;
"Then---if you 're wiſe---*encore.*

*Chartula non meruit tam pretiosa uori.* Mart.

INdicam accendet tibi torris herbam
Suavius flamma, *Neovelle*, chartæ;
*Cottylus* quali Dominam salutat
*Phyllida* blandus.

Rure si vises veterem Sodalem,
Tu catus nullum rapias in usum
Scripta, quæ servat relegenda sæpe
Tortile Filum.

Continent nempe Historias dolendas;
Pauperum sive artificum querelas,
*Gallicas* Lanam quoties ad Oras
Mittit *Ierne*.

Sive Latrones facibus minaces:
Sive frendentes *Socios*, *Iberi*
Debitum quando mora pertinacis
Distinet *Aurum*.

Æmuli vel quid meditentur armis
Principes; Sceptro Hic metuens paterno;
*Ille* promissis inhians: utrumque
*Italus* odit.

Quin equis illinc medicinam anhelis
Unde emas, discas: pretioque quanto
Nunc genis pallens rubeat; capillis
*Rufa* nigrescat.

*I have seen a MS. which reads the first Stanza thus; and indeed more apropos to the Occasion of imposing the Ode.*

Rectius tu posteriora terges,
*Crassa* si detur tibi charta, quam si
*Cottylus* quali Dominam salutat
*Phyllida* blandus.

## *The* PENANCE ODE *tranſlated.*

WRITE on gilt Paper Billet-doux:
Reſpect will Favour win.
To light your Pipe no Paper uſe;
A Coal beſt ſtops it in.

Whene'er you viſit joyous Friend,
To breathe ſweet Country Air;
On no Occaſion, with raſh Hand,
*Gazette* or *Journal* tear.

From thence he learns diſaſt'rous Tales,
With which each Page is full;
How *Britiſh* Manufacture fails,
Whilſt *France* buys *Iriſh* Wool.

How bold Incendiaries gain
Great Sums by impious Threat.
Delays of arbitrary *Spain*
Make plunder'd Merchants fret.

Letters from *Florence* ſay, what Wrath
The Luſt of Power creates
'Twixt rival Princes; and how both
The wiſe *Italian* hates.

Who beſt can cure † old wheezing Pad,
You thence may learn; and where
Freſh Cheeks for *Chloris* may be had;
For *Ruſa* auburn Hair.

† By the Advertiſement of *Gibſon*'s Horſe-Balls.

# EPITHALAMIA.

## *The* MATCH.

BRIGHT *Venus*, in her *Paphian* Grove,
Sat penſive with the GOD of LOVE;
Mingling ſoft Smiles with cryſtal Tears,
As *Sol* thro' *April* Showers appears.

My Boy, ſaid ſhe, by whom I reign,
(For Beauty without Love is vain)
'Tis thy Mamma's unhappy Fate,
Her greateſt Fav'rites prove ungrate.
You know the fair *Dammonian* Dame?
*C.* The rich *Eliſa*. *V.* Yes; the ſame.
In Bloom of Youth, in Beauty's Pride,
I made her good *Sebaſto*'s Bride.
My Magick *Ceſtus* did impart,
To fix her Empire o'er his Heart.
Each was the other's ſole Delight:
Peace crown'd the Day, and Joy the Night.

How ſhort all human Pleaſures are!
Death ſoon divorc'd the happy Pair.

The

The mourning Coach, the ſable Weed,
Proclaim to all *Sebaſto*'s dead.
The 'Scutcheons o'er the Gate declare,
Here lives a wealthy Dowager.

The Pomp of Sorrow I allow:
But twice Six Months is ſure enough.
Who earlieſt tie the ſecond Knot,
Beſt ſhew the firſt they've not forgot.
But now ten Times the glorious Sun
Thro' all the Signs his Courſe has run:
Yet in her widow'd Bed ſhe lies,
And all the Powers of Love defies.
A Widow wealthy, fair and young,
So bleſs'd in Love! To ſtay ſo long!
To us, to *Hymen*, 'tis foul Wrong.

Arm! and aſſert, my deareſt Son,
Thy Mamma's Empire, and thy own.
Not one ſure Arrow can'ſt thou find?
Is ſhe all Ice? Or dull Mankind?

*C.* I have whole Regiments in Pay,
Hungry, and watchful for the Prey;
Of *Iriſh* Sharpers, and *Scotch* Peers,
Tall, Lace-Coat, Half-pay Officers.

And

And younger Brothers, whose Pretence
To Fortunes, is their Impudence?
Grave Templers, breaking Citts and Beaus,
And Upstarts, who by Bubbles rose:
With rural 'Squires not to be number'd,
Their Lands with Debts and Portions cumber'd.

*V.* No Hope of Conquest is from these;
They may some awkward Heirds please;
Their fulsom Flatteries obtrude,
On pert *Coquet*, or musty *Prude*.

*Elisa*'s Taste is too refin'd:
Our hated Rivals guard her Mind:
*Pallas* gave Wisdom for her Guide,
And Royal *Juno* decent Pride.

Haste thee, my Boy, to Learning's Seat,
(There now *Elisa* you will meet)
Where Arts by *Wickham*'s Bounty thrive †;
Where Manners, Health, and Virtue live;
And vegetable Dial shews,
How *Sol* his Course diurnal goes.
There animate some worthy Youth,
Full of Innocence and Truth.

† New-Coll. *Oxon*, in the Garden there is a Sun-Dial in Box.

Bid

Bid him addreſs the charming Fair:
Tho' modeſt, bid him not deſpair.

Wrapt in a Cloud, Great *Juno* heard,
Unſeen, the grand Debate——and fear'd.
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, both ſhe found;
So thought it ſafeſt to compound.
And now the Goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd,
And thus the Deities addreſs'd:
" Much Glory will from Conqueſt riſe,
" When you ſhall ſay, *Here vanquiſh'd lies*
" *One Woman by two Deities.*
" Well—ſince you both will have it ſo,
" Freedom for Love ſhe muſt forego:
" Let our dear *M---r---ſ---n* be he;
" *Pallas* and I will both agree.

## An ODE to *Hugh S—ſ—d*, Eſq;

*On Sr* H. N—c—te, *Bar. marrying his Daughter.*

WHEN *Danae* in the Flower of Age
Appear'd, and Nature's Pride:
*Acriſius* fear'd ſhe would engage,
And be ſome Hero's Bride.

Braſs

Braſs Towers the Royal Maid reſtrain,
Stern Maſtiffs watch the Gate:
Gates, Maſtiffs, Brazen Towers are vain,
'Gainſt Love as ſtrong as Fate.

How *Boreas* blows! How ſwells the Tide!
Let *Hero*'s Torch appear;
Nor Waves, nor Winds, can long divide
*Leander* from his Dear.

With equal Merit, mutual Fire,
*N--c--le* and *S--f--rd* meet;
Thy Smiles will make, O worthy Sire!
Their nuptial Joys complete.

To joyn this lovely, loving Pair,
Propitious Powers combin'd:
Thy *Biddy* elſe had been leſs fair,
Or her Sir *Harry* blind.

Then let a Father's Bleſſing grace
Thy Daughter's happy Choice;
Fair † *Pynes* ſhall flouriſh with a Race
Of beauteous Girls and Boys.

† The Name of his fine Seat near *Exon*.

What

What is decree'd, in vain we try
By Reason to remove;
*Predestination* to deny,
Were *Heresy* in LOVE.

## *An Epistle to Sir* John C--ch--r, *Bart.*
### *On his Marriage with Mrs* F. H.

GREAT BRITAIN's Senate has thought fit
(Who, with the Power, has all the Wit)
That Mother-Tongue to us be left,
Of most, that's *English* else, bereft;
That *Latin* shall be turn'd from Bar
And Hall, to School of *Westminster*;
That *Noverint* be nothing worth,
*&c.*——be plain *so forth*,
That *scire facias* be none:
But Fools in *English* be undone.

I, who in *Latin* us'd to send
Ode or Epistle to my Friend †,
Now native Rhymes would fain indite,
Like *Horace* think, like *Prior* write.

† Vide *Latin* Poems.

*Sicelian* Muſe I not invoke;
*Cibber* her Favours has beſpoke.
If the coy Dame neglect the Beau,
What Aid on me would ſhe beſtow?

Some worthy Subject let me chuſe,
And be my Theme the POET's Muſe.
*Phœbus* and *Pallas*, you, who reign
Supreme o'er Wit and Wiſdom, deign
Propitious to aſſiſt my Song,
Which to your Fav'rites does belong.
‖ *Y---ſt---n* and *S---f---d* join'd require
The ſweeteſt Lays you can inſpire.

Hail! happieſt Pair in *Hymen*'s Roll!
Two Bodies acted by one Soul.

They ſaw, they conquer'd both, and lov'd:
And conſcious Worth all Doubts remov'd.
Their Eyes their mutual Flame confeſt;
Each clearly read the other's Breaſt.
Each other's Thoughts, bright Angels ſo,
Do by mere Intuition know.

Sages of old have wiſely thought
That human Souls from Stars were ſhot.

‖ The Names of their two Seats.

Our

Our Forms, our Tempers vary: Whence,
But from their various Influence?
The Difference in Men does ſhow
The Stars are diff'rent, whence they flow.
Fierceneſs betrays ſtern *Mars*'s Pow'r,
And ſullen Looks from *Saturn* low'r.

The Artiſt skill'd in Features knew
(A perfect Stranger) at firſt View,
Nature had made th' *Athenian* Sage †,
Inclin'd to Luſt, to Pride, to Rage.
But Reaſon Nature had ſubdu'd;
He was not fierce, nor proud, nor lewd.

In beauteous Forms the Spark divine
Does thro' the very Body ſhine.
*Franciſca* knew her Knight, you her,
United in your Genial Star.

When againſt Acres Pounds are weigh'd;
Is this to *Marry?* Or to *Trade?*
Who only Court and Wed to *thrive*,
Not *Love*, but *Smithfield* Bargains *drive*.
Commerce Equivalents may find,
*Love* can be only paid in Kind:

† Socrates.

In gen'rous Breaſts, whene'er it glows,
The *Side* 's beſt pleas'd, that moſt beſtows.
Should *Phœbus* in one Station reſt,
Not half an Hemiſphere were bleſt:
But as he monthly ſhifts his Sign,
*Volga* 's as happy as the *Rhine*.
Let not ſweet *S---f---d* be forlorn;
Nor *Y---ſt---n* long your Abſence mourn.
To ſhine on both, the Year divide,
*There* FLORA ſmiles with painted Pride,
DIANA *here* does Health provide.
Kindly preſents the pricking *Deer*,
The wily *Fox*, the doubling *Hare*;
With uſeleſs Speed they ſcour away,
Since their own Feet their Flight betray.

You, when calm Evenings forth invite
To leſs laborious Delight;
Marking briſk *Pointer*'s faithful Set,
Draw on the whirring Birds the Net.
You from the Wiſe this Rule receive,
*Sport* but to *eat*, and *eat* to *live*.

# The ZEALOT.

*No Name of Party ſhall my Fury know,*
*Where'er I come, I kill both Friend and Foe.* Rehearſ.

WHEN *C---dl---r* firſt in *Salter's-Hall*
Did undertake the *Pope* to mawl;
Two *Jeſuits*, their old Maſter's Spies,
Mix'd with the Herd, in ſafe Diſguiſe;
With *Conventicle* Mien and Face,
And ev'ry outward Sign of *Grace*.

The Preacher mainly laid about,
And *Bellarmin*'s Church Notes did rout.
The Liſt'ners now began to fear,
For Holy Church, and *Peter*'s Chair.

But lo! (as *Schiſm* would have it) he
At length fell foul on *Prelacy*.
" Courage, my Friend, ſaid one to th' other,
" Could he do more, were he our Brother!
" I know him *intus & in cute*,
" Tho' hir'd againſt us, he fights booty.
" War againſt *Rome* he did proclaim;
" The Church of *England* is his Aim.
" Let *England*'s Biſhops be run down
" By her falſe Friends; the Day 's our own.

Car-

## *Carmen Elegiacum in obitum Filioli Viri Rev. amiciſſimique* THO. MORRISON.

QUanquam ego nec curas Patrum nec gaudia novi,
Cui prolem nec fert Sponſa, nec Orcus habet:
Crede tamen, veſtri tangunt mea corda dolores,
Una dies Puerum queis dedit, una rapit.
Cœleſtes auxiſſe Choros jam triplice partu †
Luctus Materni grande Levamen habet.
Felices animæ terrena Labe carentes!
Ipſe Agnus comites vos jubet ire ſibi.
Dum greſſus *Nini* Vates *Hebræus* ad Urbem
Inſtantis properat nuncius excidii:
*Phœbus* ſævit in arva, ſenemque. Hic cœlitus Umbram
Surgere lætatur: mox fremit eſſe brevem.
Tu pius & ſapiens, non indignare, Repertor
Rerum Primitias quod velit eſſe ſuas.
Pignora multa Tibi ſpondere licebit amoris:
Fœcundam agnoſcet Patria læta Domum.
O dilecte bonis! Poſt plurima luſtra Parentes
Componet Lachrymis veſtra Propago piis.

† She had formerly buried two Children, *(viz.)* Mr *Francis*, and Miſs *Elizabeth Baſſet*.

## *An Elegy on the Death of Mr* MORRISON's *Infant, who dy'd on the Day he was born.*

STranger to Parents Joys or Griefs I've liv'd,
Nor bleſs'd with Offspring, nor by Death depriv'd;
And yet I melt, whilſt you your Infant mourn,
And wreath my Garland for his little Urn.

Thrice to encreaſe the Number of the Bleſt,
Muſt heal the Anguiſh of a Mother's Breaſt.
Sweet Innocents! ſo ſoon from Earth releas'd!
With ſuch the ſpotleſs LAMB is ever pleas'd.

Whilſt to proud *Ninus'* City *Jonah* goes,
With dreadful Meſſage of impending Woes,
*Sol* points his Rays; and lo! a *Gourd* aroſe.
Bleſs'd was the Prophet in his Heav'n-born Shade;
But rag'd to ſee ſo ſoon th' Umbrella fade.

Whilſt you ſubmiſſive to the Will Divine,
The Firſt-Fruit of your happy Love reſign;
Expect the Bleſſing of a numerous Race,
To glad their Parents, and their Country grace.

When late, O be it late! my *Morriſon*,
Known to the Good, and lov'd wherever known,
You and your deareſt Half one Grave ſhall find,
In Life united, nor by Death disjoin'd;
Your grateful Progeny ſhall frequent come,
And dew with pious Tears your venerable Tomb.

# *BAVIANA.*

——— *Neget quis Carmina* BAVO?

## ΣΩΤΗΡΙΚΟΝ

### CAROLO BAVO, *M. D. dicatum.*

DUM tuo Sponſam arbitrio ſalubres,
Proluunt hauſtus tepidarum Aquarum;
Illa dum miſcet ſapiens honeſto
Seria Ludo:

Re ſua felix ſatis & beata
Divitum cultus oculo irretorto
Spectat; & pulchris vetat invidere
Conſcia Forma.

Nos, domi Lectum viduum peroſi,
Viſimus lento procul hinc caballo
Patriæ fines; ubi fulget igne
Occiduo *Sol.*

Dives

THE

# ODE *to Dr* BAVE,

## *Imitated.*

WHilſt *Bave* and *Britiſh* BAJA's balmy Spring,
Which Nature, thro' ſulphureous Veins,
Nature, the ſkilful'ſt Chymiſt, ſtrains,
New Vigour to *Maria* bring:
'Twixt Health and Wiſdom ſhe divides the Day,
Now deep in Thought, now innocently gay.

She, pleas'd and happy in her private State,
With no invidious Glance ſurveys
The Pomp and Splendor of the Great,
Who nightly in Aſſemblies blaze;
Conſcious of native Beauty does confeſs
* *Olivia*'s Charms, nor wiſhes they were leſs.

Tir'd of my lonely Houſe, and downy Bed,
Joyleſs and hard, when ſhe's not there,
By ſlow, but ſteady Pace, convey'd,
I view'd our *Iſland*'s Limits; where
*Sol* gilds with Rays each Rock and curling Wave,
Of *Albion* fondly takes his lateſt Leave.

* Dutcheſs of *C--l--d.*

Dives hæc Tellus Segetis, Metalli
Ditior. Regi *Carolus* fidelem
Gratus agnovit. Superanda nunquam
Marte: sed Auro;

Jam viæ tædet; magis at Laboris,
*Sisyphus* quantum tolerare fertur;
Et senem occidit repetita Crambe
Sæpe Magistrum.

Nocte quam longa est vigilo; nec alis
Somnus irrorat madidis ocellos.
Curam ego fallens, operosa lassus
Carmina fingo:

" Vile qui spernis, generosus, aurum,
" *BAVE*, nec nobis reficis *Mariam*
" Arte venali, officium Camœnæ
Accipe gratæ.

*Phœbe*,

Deep-burrow'd here they dig with luſty Pains
Rich Ore, in Earth's dark Bowels bred:
There *Ceres* waves her ripen'd Head,
When *Zephyr*'s Breezes fan the Plains.
‖ Their loyal Deeds has thankful *Charles* enroll'd;
Endleſs their Glory—could they conquer Gold. *

The tedious Circle of my Tour complete,
Like *Phœbus*, where I roſe, I ſet:
Now the Scholaſtick Task rowl on,
Heavy as *Siſyphus*'s Stone.
Various the Ills of Life: But moſt I grudge,
Thus ever to be doom'd a *Grammar*-Drudge.

Whilſt others lie diſſolv'd in dewy Sleep;
Soft Slumbers to my weary'd Eyes
The drowſy God invok'd denies,
And I alone ſad Vigils keep.
To ſooth my Cares, and ſhorten the dull Night,
I court my Muſe, and labour'd Verſe indite.

" O *BAVE!* of Bounty equal to thy Art,
" Since in my dear *Maria* 's ſhown
" Thy gen'rous Friendſhip to the Gown:
" The Dictates of a grateful Heart
" Deign to accept (for Gold thou doſt refuſe)
" The humble Off'ring of my wakeful Muſe.

‖ K. *Charles*'s Letter of Thanks, written on the Walls of many Churches in *Cornwall*. * Elections very dear there.

" *Phœbe*, da dignum Medico poetam:
" Artis es, *Smintheu*, pater utriuſque.
" Stamina huic, *Parcæ*, improperata vitæ
" Volvite fuſo.

" Hæ' vovent, quotquot medicatur Ille—"
Plura conantem una novem ſororum
Leniter plectro increpuit, refertque
Talia ludens:

" Heus! Vigil deſiderio, Modorum
" Nunc opem poſcis? Redeunte Sponſa,
" Nullus ad mollem tibi erit ſoporem
" Carminis uſus.

" Illa cervicem teretem, comæque
" Annulos (quales doluit reciſos
" Furis, heu! *Belinda* nimis jocoſi
" Forcipe iniquo),
" Frigoris jam non metuens recludet:
" Pulchra, ceu cum ſurpuerat tibi te.
" En! Decor (dices) redit, & Juventus
" Auſpice *Bavo*."

" Patron of Phyſick and melodious Lays,
" *Latona*'s Son, the Verſe inſpire,
" And tune mine by thy golden Lyre,
" Whilſt thy own Favourite I praiſe.
" Slow ſpin his Thread, ye Fates, prolong the Task;
" With ardent Vows his numerous Patients ask."

The pleaſing Subject, thus begun, I ſtrove,
Tho' far unequal, to purſue;
When lo! a heav'nly Form I view,
Whoſe Brightneſs chear'd my dark Alcove:
*Calliope* (I think) in Gold array'd.
She gently twang'd her Lute, and ſmiling ſaid:

" Whilſt reſtleſs without your *Maria* you lie,
" The Pow'r of ſweet Numbers, fond Mortal, you try;
" But when ſhe returns, all your Cares ſhe'll remove;
" You'll love---and you'll ſlumber, you'll wake---and you'll love.
" And lull'd in the Circle of her ſnowy Arms,
" Confeſs all the Muſes cannot equal her Charms:

" Unveil'd are her Beauties, by her ebony Hair,
" As Lights by ſtrong Shades, ſtill render'd more fair.
" Such Treſſes * *Belinda* herſelf could not boaſt,
" Tho' ſhe griev'd and ſhe rag'd for one Fav'rite loſt.
" Tranſported you'll ſay,---Happy, *Bave!* is thy Art;
" So look'd my *Maria*, when I gave her my Heart."

* See *Pope*'s Rape of the Lock.

# An ELEGY on the Death of Dr *CHARLES BAVE.*

## *Inscribed to Dr* HARRINGTON.

LET wanton *Sappho* tune her warbling Lyre,
To *Venus* sing her disregarded Fire.
Let pensive *C---dl---y* in keen Verse complain
Of Husbands Pride, and their tyrannick Reign.
Let nobler *M——ue* with *P——* engage,
And Majesty approve her Satire's Rage.
*Bave* be my worthier Theme. Thee, *Bave*, I praise,
Whilst Gratitude inspires my untaught Lays.
Sacred the Verse, that does to *Bave* belong,
His deathless Name will eternize the Song.
Whilst him I mourn, the tuneful *Nine* shall own
By me their Female Favourites out-done.

Listen, ye Naids of the bubbling Springs,
Whilst your own *Bave* the sad *Melissa* sings.
Your balmy Streams new Vigour did impart,
When he assisted Nature with his Art.
Suspended Crutches all around proclaim
Your healing Virtues, and your Doctor's Fame.

To

To both alike pale ſickly Virgins owe
The blooming Beauties Power and Skill beſtow;
So far their preſent Charms their Hopes ſurpaſs,
They ſcarce believe their Lovers, or their Glaſs.
His gaſping Friends how oft did he reprieve,
And diſappointed Heirs, and Undertakers grieve!

When heaving Coughs the weary'd Lungs diſtreſt,
Day knew no Pleaſure, and the Night no Reſt;
The Nerves unbrac'd, the Muſcles pin'd away,
And heſtick Heats the Malady betray;
By *Bave* reſtor'd, the wond'ring Patient found
The Symptoms vaniſh, and the Body ſound.
Whoſe wiſe Preſcripts correct Life's purple Flood,
And ſweetning Draughts dilute the tainted Blood.

Nor could the Palſy long his Art withſtand;
He fix'd the ſhaking Head, and uſeleſs Hand.

Thoſe hapleſs Mortals, whom Gout-Pains invade,
Tho' ſlow the Poiſon, are ſure Victims made.
Nor Drugs, nor Herbs, can cure the ſtubborn Ill,
Nor ſubtle *Merc'ry*, nor *Ward*'s boaſted *Pill*.

The few, whoſe Reaſon curb'd inferior Senſe,
Nor Luxury preferr'd to Indolence,

By *Bave*'s and Wiſdom's Rules did Life maintain,
Health's joyous Seaſons more endear'd by Pain;
'Till, with inſidious Force, Life's Capitol
The Foe ſurprizes—*Bave*, like *Rome*, muſt fall.

Whate'er is born has its appointed End.
On Arts, on Fame, on Wealth, let none depend;
By Virtue, ſweeteſt Manners, hope to fly
Death's iron Hands—ſince *Bave* himſelf did die.
Weep, O ye Naïds, from your ſteamy Urns
Let Tears ſtream out; your BAVE *Meliſſa* mourns.

O HARRINGTON! be thou his Virtue's * Heir,
Who knew Religion worth his chiefeſt Care:
Durſt in an impious Age aſſert Heav'n's Cauſe,
And own he fear'd to break its ſacred Laws.
Preſerve thy Father's Friendſhip to the Gown,
And all his Skill and Fame be added to thy own.

MELISSA.

* Dr *Harrington* married Dr *Bave*'s only Child.

*Miſs*

## *Miss* MARY MORRISON,
### *Born* December, 1734.

SWEET Offspring of the happy Pair,
*Hymen* and *Love*'s peculiar Care,
Angels o'er thee kind Vigils keep,
Lull'd in the silken Arms of Sleep.
Air serene, well-temper'd Food,
Invigorate Life's purple Flood.
The Seeds of Health each Minute thrive;
Health! the best Portion we derive
From virtuous Parents mutual Loves;
Whose native Beauty *Grace* improves.
Lasting, as innocent, their Joys,
Whom not Necessity, but Choice,
Links in matrimonial Bands;
Who Hearts unite, then give their Hands.
When Beauty's prostitute to Gold,
*Cupids* averse the Match behold;
*Furies* the nuptial Torches light,
And *Hymen* sickens at the Sight.
See *Mammon*'s Daughter fresh as *May*,
Beauteous, innocent and gay.

But ah! the deſtin'd Husband's come,
With Coach and Six—at leaſt a Plumb.
He taints the Morn with pois'nous Breath,
With ev'ry Kiſs he proffers Death.
*Aurelia* weeps——but ſtarve ſhe muſt,
Or quench his dying Snuff of Luſt.
Tyrannick Sire, thy wicked Soul
This Torture from *Mezentius* ſtole.
Who to the Dead the Living join'd,
Did Face to Face exactly bind;
In forc'd Embrace the Wretches lie,
'Till poiſon'd by the Stench they die.
Of feeble Age, and cold Deſpair,
The wretched Fruit 's a ſtarveling Heir.

Not ſordid Views thy Parents join'd.
Well he deſerv'd; and ſhe was kind:
Had they not lov'd, they had been blind.

May, ſweeteſt Innocence, in thee
What's excellent in both agree.
When thus adorn'd, in Bloom of Life,
(Heav'n guide thy Choice) thou 'rt made a Wife:
Fondly each Night thy beauteous Head
Upon his faithful Boſom laid;
In Conſort you'll confeſs your Joys,
(And liſt'ning Loves approve the Voice.)
" Thus was thy worthy Father bleſs'd:
" Such Bliſs my dear Mamma poſſeſs'd. "

The

# *The* COCK *and* JEWEL.

## A FABLE.

A Warrior Bird, loud Herald of the Morn,
Whoſe well-ſhap'd Body ſpangled Plumes adorn,
High on whoſe Front a glorious Creſt did blaze,
The Ornament and Terror of his Face;
Beneath, a crimſon Beard hung dangling low,
Like gawdy Chitterlings of modern Beau;
For Love or War was fit. On either Heel
He native Weapons bore, as ſharp as Steel:
Joy of his feather'd Mates; his Rival's Dread;
By him alone the pleas'd Seraglio bred.
He round the Corn-Stacks and the Meads did range,
And reign'd ſole Sultan of the ſpacious *Grange*.

One Day in Search of Food he ſcrap'd the Ground,
Where a rich Gem the buſy Hero found.
Firſt he with Wonder view'd the ſhining Prize;
Then with his Beak explor'd what charm'd his Eyes.
But diſappointed, proudly ſpurn'd at *what*
He found unfit for him, as he for *that*:
" Of thee poſſeſs'd, vain Man would bleſs the Chance,
" And ſoon his *Pride* thy *Value* would enhance.

" Lie there (he ſaid) thou pretty, uſeleſs Toy;
" Me nothing pleaſes, that I can't enjoy.
" Render'd by Art for City-Dame too dear,
" Some Prince would buy thee—or ſome gaudy Peer
" Wear thee at Court on each auſpicious Day,
" Hir'd at a Rate, would half his Tradeſmen pay."

The MORAL.

*Thus worthleſs Coxcombs ever will deſpiſe*
*Superior Merit, they han't Senſe to prize.*

## MARTIAL, *Book* III. *Ep.* 19.

IN the *Piazza*, where tall Poplars grow,
And well-carv'd Beaſts adorn the ſhaded Row,
A rugged Bear takes up a mighty Space,
The Ornament and Terror of the Place.
Young *Hylas* there the horrid Monſter ſaw,
And fearleſs ſported with its gaping Jaw.
A lurking Viper animates the Stone,
And arms the Brute with Poiſon, not its own.
Too late, alas! the fair expiring Boy
Found Bears could ſting, and Marble could deſtroy.

*Weſtminſter*-School,
3d Form, A. D. 1686.

*Royal*

# ROYAL JUSTICE.

TRiumphant Laurels *Selymian* had crown'd,
Not leſs for Juſtice than for War renown'd.
To *Avala*'s wide Plains his Troops he drew,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs freſh Conqueſts to purſue.
At *Perſia*'s Caliph does the Tempeſt aim,
The Caliph now ſole Rival of his Fame.
Fierce as the Dog-Star does the Creſcent rage,
Whoſe ſickly Fires ſad Peſtilence preſage.
No Tumults thro' his awful Camp are heard;
'Twas a ſafe Market, and the Country's Guard.

Thither one Night, as the Great Monarch ſat,
Revolving in his Mind Affairs of State,
Paſt Midnight's Hour, arriv'd a wretched Swain,
Admittance beg'd, and did Admittance gain.
Prone he ador'd, his Soul o'er-whelm'd with Woe;
On the rich Carpet Tears in Torrents flow:
Words found no Vent, thick Sighs their Paſſage choke,
Then heav'nly mild the pitying *Sultan* ſpoke:
*From Penury, or Wrong, proceeds thy Grief?*
*From Bounty, or from Juſtice, hope Relief.*
*Speak, for I'll patient hear.*——He rais'd his Head,
And made by Sorrows eloquent, he ſaid:

" The

" The happieſt Peaſant once my Sovereign ſees,
" Till Luſt and Violence deſtroy'd his Peace.
" *Balſora*, faireſt of the Plains, I woo'd,
" In Bloom of Life; but yet leſs fair than good.
" Pleas'd with my Truth, the Maid approv'd my Choice;
" And twice Twelve Moons have witneſſed our Joys.
" Weary'd with Labour, in the Verge of Night,
" Home I return'd—but there—O killing Sight!
" I found a Warriour, threat'ning Love or Death
" To my *Balſora*, fainting, out of Breath.
" His poliſh'd Helmet flaſh'd a dreadful Glare;
" At my Approach he drew his Scymitar.
" She ſhriek'd aloud, and Life was almoſt gone,
" Her Husband's Danger added to her own.
" The Coward ſtruck at my devoted Head;
" She groan'd, and ſwoon'd; whilſt I defenceleſs fled;
" And, much reluctant, quit th' unequal Strife;
" Too weak to help, or to revenge my Wife.
" Vengeance to Heav'n and righteous Kings belongs.
" Redreſs *Balſora*'s, and thy Suppliant's Wrongs."

*Soon* (ſaid the Prince) *the Chiefs at my Command,*
*All clad in Arms, ſhall here before us ſtand:*
*Obſerve 'em well, ſafe in that Mute's Diſguiſe,*
*Mark the Offender——and he ſurely dies.*

The

The ſummon'd Warriors came, their Station took;
With them the Raviſher, of ſteady Look.
With ſharpeſt Ken the Peaſant each ſurvey'd;
No Sign, no conſcious Bluſh his Guilt betray'd.
The ſhining Circle from the Tent withdrew,
Whilſt none the Cauſe why they were ſummon'd knew.

*Now* (ſaid the *Sultan*) *to thy Cot retire,*
*Succeſs will ſoon add Fewel to his Fire.*
*Watch his Return. When harbour'd with thy Dame,*
*Diſturb him not; and I'll ſecure the Game.*
*Rage wing thy Feet; to my Pavilion haſte:*
*The Wanton's next Adventure proves his laſt.*
*You'll bleſs the* Sultan, *when you ſee him dead,*
*Whoſe Lewdneſs durſt profane the Marriage-Bed.*

By Morning's roſie Light he reach'd his Home;
His faithful Love reviv'd to ſee him come.
Their Safety by their Danger is endear'd,
For whom, ſincerely lov'd, we greatly fear'd.

" Did he? he cry'd—But I thy Bluſhes ſpare;
" Nor ſay thou, what with Horror I ſhould hear.
" Too well I know the brutal Force of Arms;
" And my fond Heart confeſſes all thy Charms.

" Soon

" Soon I expect the Ruffian will return;
" The Flame's not quench'd, that did ſo furious burn.
" Thy Fears diſſemble, and thy Female Rage;
" Let flatt'ring Hopes a-while his Stay engage.
" Sure Vengeance on his guilty Head will fall,
" And expiate the Crimes it can't recall."
Revenge, Revenge does all her Thoughts poſſeſs;
The pleaſing Image ſooths her Soul's Diſtreſs.

The Sun twice ſat, and now the Moon ſucceeds,
By whoſe pale Light again the Ruffian ſpeeds
To the lone Cot, thence never to return,
Nor ſee the riſing Bluſhes of the Morn.

With haſte the Swain to the Pavilion goes:
Nor need of Words his Sorrows to diſcloſe.
The Sultan read the Language of his Eyes.
*And is he come?* (he ſaid,) *The Villain dies.*
*My Guards attend—Thou, Peaſant, lead the Way;*
*Let Torches' Blaze ſupply the Want of Day.*
His ſparkling Eyes flaſh'd Lightning as he went,
And his Soul labour'd with the dire Event.

Clear of the Camp, athwart the Plain they got:
The Lights extinguiſh, having reach'd the Cot.
Without the Monarch and the Peaſant wait;
Whilſt the relentleſs Miniſters of Fate,

With

With ſilent Steps approach th' unguarded Bed,
Where impious Violence and Luſt were laid.
A Taper's glimm'ring Light directs the Hand,
Steady to execute the ſtern Command.
With a deep Groan Life iſſues at the Wound,
And his warm Limbs lie quiv'ring on the Ground.

The Torches lighted now, with penſive Look,
To the ſad Scene his Way the Hero took.
The bloody Corſe with curious Eye ſurvey'd;
Then pleas'd, on bended Knees he ſilent pray'd.
He roſe, he bow'd: Then turning to the Fair,
Proſtrate and trembling, ſaid, *Diſmiſs thy Care:*
*Thy Table ſpread; a Prince will be thy Gueſt;*
*Hunger his Sauce, and chearful Looks his Feaſt.*
With coarſe, but cleanly Fare, the Table 's ſpread;
Chearful their Looks. Full well the Sultan fed.

The Meal was finiſh'd; and the ſilver Moon,
With borrow'd Light, now half her Courſe had run.
The Prince was going: When the wond'ring Hoſt,
With low Obeiſance, did his Gueſt accoſt:

" The Ways of Heaven are intricate to Men;
" Kings Counſels far remov'd from vulgar Ken.
" O Great and Good! wilt Thou vouchſafe to bear
" Thy Vaſſal's Boldneſs, and his Queſtion hear?

" Since flaming Torches from the Camp we bore,
" Why were they all extinguiſh'd at my Door?
" But, what's more ſtrange, how could a Monarch deign
" To taſte the homely Viands of a Swain?"

Gracious he anſwer'd: *Well thy Prince approves,*
*When Modeſty, like thine, the Queſtion moves.*
*Know then, when firſt thy juſt Complaint I heard,*
*Much for my* Son, *and Kingdom's Heir, I fear'd:*
*For, taught by antient Hiſtory, I knew*
*What giddy Youth, when back'd with Power, might do.*
*Dear is my* Son *belov'd; but more I ow'd*
*To publick Juſtice, than to Ties of Blood.*
*His Sight might raiſe a Conteſt in my Soul,*
*And all the* Father *might the* King *controul.*

*But what my joyful Heart did ſilent pray,*
*Too modeſt thou to ask, unask'd I'll ſay:*
" *Celeſtial Power, whoſe ſecret Influence*
" *Directs Man's Will to guard his Innocence;*
" *Whilſt here the Guilty dies by juſt Decree;*
" *Accept my humbleſt Thanks, my* Son *'s not he.*
" *O! let him live regardful of thy Will,*
" *And, what thy Prophet taught the World, fulfil.*
" *When to the promis'd Paradiſe I'm gone,*
" *With Royal Virtues let him grace the Throne.*"

*From*

*From me, my Peaſant, Dainties learn to ſcorn:*
*The Great and Wiſe are not for Pleaſures born.*
*Who Luxury indulge, ſoon ſated, find*
*The Nerves unbrac'd, and overcaſt the Mind.*
*Thy piteous Story gave the Sultan Pain,*
*Beyond the Fancy of a ſimple Swain.*
*Such anxious Thoughts my lab'ring Soul oppreſt,*
*Stranger to Food I was, and balmy Reſt:*
*Reſolv'd on Vengeance, doubtful of my Son,*
*Whoſe fatal Guilt had ruin'd both in one.*
*He ſafe and innocent, with Joy I eat,*
*Thy Cot a Palace, and thy Pulſe a Treat.*

*Tyrannick Power for lawleſs Force be fear'd;*
*But mine for Regal Juſtice be rever'd.*

## *On the Rt. Hon. the Lady* C. HERBERT's *Dancing with an antient Gentleman.*

I.

NOW I believe 'tis Truth,
Whate'er of Old
The fabulous Poets † told
Of feeble Age renew'd to vig'rous Youth.
Methinks I see the Cauldron burn
With magic Flames, whilst pow'rful Juice
*Medea* does infuse:
And to old wither'd Veins young spritely Streams return.
And now the lusty, new-born Sire,
Young, and active as his Son,
Like *Phœnix* rising from the genial Fire,
Once more the Stage of Life does with new Vigour run.

II.

For this, *Medea*, must thy Name survive!
Was it for this fond Poets raise
Such Monuments of Praise?
Can mystic Words and poisnous Weeds such Honours give?
More than thy Spells and boasted Pow'r,
Stoln from ev'ry little Flow'r,
*Orinda*'s native Charms have done:
Whose Beauty's Influence,
Warm and lively as the Sun,
To Fourscore Years did brisk Activity dispense.

† Vid. *Ovid*'s Metam.

III. Not

III.

Nor the glad Violins, nor Voice,
Nor Trumpet's martial Noiſe
*Acaſto*'s Soul could move,
Inſenſible of Harmony as Love.
But when *Orinda* came to crown the Day,
*Acaſto* ſoon was gay:
The Clog of Age thrown off, his nimble Feet obey,
In artful Meaſures dance around,
And anſwer to the Muſick's chearful Sound.

*Aylesbury*,
A. D. 1694.

*Mrs* E. C. *to one of a bad Voice, and worſe Ear, interrupting her as ſhe ſung the* Tweed.

WHEN the ſweet *Nightingale* complains,
And charms the Grove with melting Strains;
When *Linnets* ſwell their little Throats;
And painted *Goldfinch* joins his Notes
With mounting *Larks*; and am'rous *Doves*
In tender Cooings tell their Loves:
Should the grave *Owl*, to try his Skill,
The *Chorus* with long Hootings fill:
He ſtands on ſome high Barn confeſt,
Diſturbs the Song, and ſpoils the reſt.

*The*

# *The Generous Maſtiff:*

## A FABLE.

*Addreſs'd to the Author of* The Weekly Miſcellany.

OF Virtue's Rules vain Man diſputes;
But may its Practice learn from Brutes:
By uncorrupted Inſtinct led
To their beſt Good, by Nature bred.

*Keeper*, a bounteous Maſter ſerv'd,
And never from his Duty ſwerv'd.
A Friend from an inſidious Foe,
By Day, by Night, did nicely know.
Civil; but reſolutely Brave,
The Houſe from pilf'ring Rogues to ſave.
Ambition, Avarice, or Luſt,
Ne'er brib'd him to betray his Truſt;
He bravely ſcorn'd the proffer'd Cruſt.

His Strength he knew, and mortal Bite;
But never, unprovok'd, would fight.
Reſerv'd his Vigour to engage
With Foes well worth an Hero's Rage.

The

The ſurly *Bull*, that ſpurns the Ground,
And aims at once a double Wound.
The *Bear*, hard griping with her Paws:
The *Boar*, tho' Thunder arms his Jaws:
The prowling *Wolf*, the Dread of Swains,
Who haunts the Folds, and ſcours the Plains.

*Keeper* a Viſiting one Day,
Thro' a long Village took his Way.
From dirty Huts a Rabble-Rout
Of noiſy Curs ran yelping out.
Unmov'd, the Champion kept his Pace;
Reſentment here would but diſgrace
The Laurels he had won in Fight.
Secure they bark, who cannot bite.

But one, more furious than the reſt,
Louder and cloſer on him preſt.
Of Maſtiff-Breed the Mongrel came;
A Turn-Spit had debauch'd his Dam;
Prick-ear'd, long-ſided, and ſtump-tail'd;
And, like fierce *Conventicler*, rail'd.
Call'd him a *ſuperſtitious Fool*,
*Ambitious*, *Factious*, *Party-Tool*,
*Abettor of Tyrannick Rule*.

Had

Had Strength been equal to his Spite,
He would not only grin, but bite.

Such Inſolence t' have longer born,
Had *Tameneſs* been, not gen'rous *Scorn.*
With juſt Reſentment *Keeper* took
The Scoundrel, and ſeverely ſhook;
Then let him go, with this Advice:
"Learn to be quiet——or more wiſe.
"Who does not meddle with his Match,
"He will, like thee, a *Tartar* catch."

## DASY's Complaint.

### *An Epiſtle to* Dapper de Bath.

HAPPIEST of all the barking Race,
I whilom thought the Turnſpit was.
Secure within our Wheel we dance,
Progreſſive ſtill, without Advance;
But yet we riſque no Turn of Chance.

I own, of COOKERY, the Pains
Are conſtant—but no leſs the Gains.
When the ſhrill Bell, and twiſted Whip,
Make *Kill-buck*, *Queſt.* and *Hector* ſkip;

Con-

Conſcious of Worth I keep my Poſt,
Indulg'd by him, who rules the Roaſt.
How rich, how ſavoury the Juice,
Which baſted Haunch, and Chine produce,
Criſp Pork, ſweet Veal, and fatted Gooſe!
This in the Dripping-pan I ſee,
Reſerv'd for *Suſan*'s Sop, and me;
I ſee? —ah! no; —That Bounty's gone!
*Suky* and I the Loſs bemoan,
Slender as green-ſick Miſſes grown.

For, oh! our Lady's new Houſe-keeper,
*Pinch-gut*, — in *Styx*, ye Furies, ſteep her,
The Fat has added to her Penſion;
(The De'l ſure help'd her to th' Invention)
Near the * Pan's Centre the ſly Jade
An hundred Holes in Circles made.
By Art *Vulcanian*†, at its Baſe,
A Cavern form'd of Iron did place.

* A new-invented Dripping-Pan.

† *Vulcan* was the famous God of Smiths. Many and exquiſitely curious are his Works celebrated by *Homer*, *viz.* Cups, Chariots, and Armour for his Brother Gods, and their favourite Heroes; one Pair of automatous Crutches for himſelf, and a whole Set of Pots for his Wife's Kitchen, which were likewiſe of ſpontaneous Motion, and obedient to the Call, even as Oaks and Rivers were to *Orpheus*.

Our Fees her magick Circle drains,
And the curſt Reſervoir detains.
In vain all round the Brims I lick;
The * *Crane* ſerv'd *Reynard* ſuch a Trick.
Thus *Taylors* in their *Hell* † below
*Brocade* or *Velvet* Remnants throw.
Thus Soldier's ‖ Pay did *R*n*l** 35
Curtailing o'er his Gridiron draw.

Fares it no better, Friend, with you?
Is *Bath* with Thrift infected too?
Have little Knaves learn'd from Grandees,
Their painful Underlings to ſqueeze?
Or does the *Cook* ſtill bounteous treat 40
His honeſt Drudge, who ſpins his Meat?

If ſo —— be kind, and recommend,
To the next Vacancy,

*Your Friend,*

DASY *de* BRISTOL.

* Vid. *Phædr.* Book I. Fab. 26.

† The Cavity under their Working-Board is called *Hell*: probably from its being the Receptacle of all they can filch out of any rich Garments, which undergo their Operation.

‖ As all Men, who raiſe vaſt Fortunes out of publick Poſts, are cenſur'd: So a Pay-maſter of the Army in the laſt Century, had this Jeſt put upon him. Which, tho' I allude to it by way of Simile, is no Part of my hiſtorical Faith.

HOR.

## HOR. *Ode* XXV. *Book* I.

I.

O! Whither, *Lydia*, are thy Lovers gone?
Thy youthful Lovers, who, with Stone
At thy Balcony gently thrown,
Th' appointed Signal gave to luſty Joys;
But now in vain you liſten for the welcome Noiſe.

II.

Neglected *Lydia* now no more
At Midnight hears the amorous Throng
Of Fops, who once in whining Song,
To raiſe her Pride, her Pity did implore:
On her lone Bed unactive now ſhe ſleeps,
Whilſt her once crouded Door its quiet Threſhold keeps.

III.

Now, antiquated Beauty, 'tis your Turn,
In vain to languiſh, ſigh, and burn;
Forſaken thou ſhalt in dark Alleys mourn,
Winds whiſtling round thy hoary Head,
To ſee even Porters ſlight thy proffer'd Bed,

IV.

Nothing of Youth, but its fierce Fires you keep;
Its Lewdneſs ſtill will ſtay;
Boil in your Veins, and on your Vitals prey;
Eager as Mares impatient for the Leap;
Stretching your empty, longing Arms;
In your hot Rage of Luſt, you'll curſe your Want of [Charms.

V.

Now nicer grown, we caſt away
Old wither'd Flowers for Chaplets freſh and green,
Naked *December* change for blooming *May*,
To thy Fourſcore prefer Fifteen;
How wilt thou curſe thyſelf, and us, to ſee
Thy ſnowy Age cool every one, but only thee!

This ODE was ſent to Lord JEFFERYS (by whoſe Command it was tranſlated) from *Oxford*, A. D. 1694.

## From MARTIAL, Book I. Epig. 104.

### To MAMMON.

I.

TEN thouſand Pounds when you had got,
You pray'd they might be twenty:
Vow'd to the Gods you would beſtow 't
In Pomp, and live in Plenty.

II. The

II.

The merry Gods laught at thy Vows

They knew thee for a Miſer;

Have ſent thee twenty Thouſand now,

Thy Gratitude to try, Sir.

III.

Thy thread-bare Coat, thy whole Week's Shirt,

But ill become thy Riches;

Thy clumſy Shoes are all o'er Dirt,

And greaſy thy Buff-Breeches.

IV.

A Plate of Olives aſks thy Gueſt?

What's left is nicely reckon'd;

The Fragments of thy laſt Night's Feaſt

Are kept for Meal the ſecond.

V.

Vile *Porter* cools thy hiſſing Throat,

A Penny-Chop 's thy Dinner;

And when thou 'rt amorous, a Groat

Thou tip'ſt the daggled Sinner.

VI.

O *Mammon!* is it thus you mind

Vows to the Gods? Fie on ye;

Be generous, as they've been kind;

Or elſe give back the Money.

The

# The FEAST of the BIRDS.

## A TALE.

THE *Eagle* once proclaim'd a Feaſt,
Where ev'ry Bird was bid a Gueſt.
*You, Nightingale!* (ſaid ſhe) *prepare*
*A Concert, and a Bill of Fare.*

The tuneful, little, buſy Bird,
By moſt admir'd, by none preferr'd;
Studious each diff'rent Taſte to ſuit,
Got Ven'ſon, Fiſh, and Grain, and Fruit.
*Flora* the verdant Carpet laid,
On a ſmooth Lawn's enamel'd Bed.
The wond'rous *Phœnix* ſelf was there,
Whoſe ſpicy Neſt perfum'd the Air.

The royal Banquet Muſick cheers,
And ſweet Cantatos charm their Ears.
The *Lark*, the *Linnet*, *Hoop*, and *Thruſh*,
Or pois'd in Air, or perch'd on Buſh,
Now ſole, and now reſponſive ſing,
The Vales now with full Chorus ring.

*Red-*

*Red-breasts*, in moving Notes relate
Two injur'd Orphans cruel Fate.
The warbling *Nightingale* repeats
Of Warrior-Birds the mighty Feats;
The Triumphs of *Strymonian Cranes*,
And *Pigmies* gasping on the Plains;
And with her Voice inspir'd displays
Th' Adventures of the feather'd Race:
Their Loves, their Cares, their Joys, their Wrongs,
Recorded in old *Druid*'s Songs.

The solemn, dull, conceited Owl,
Of medley Phiz, 'twixt Man and Fowl,
Thought his Importance was so great,
His Absence would distress the Treat,
Five Nights successive from his Hole,
With lazy Flight abroad he stole;
To try what Male-contents would chuse
His Supper, and the Court refuse.

And now th' expected Day was come,
A hollow Tree his Dining-room;
Whose venerable Trunk all round
Was with close-clinching Ivy bound,

The Guests, uncrouded, did receive,
Tho' Fifty they, —— save Forty Five.
The chatt'ring *Magpye*, ominous *Jay*,
Noisy as modern Smarts, and gay.
The *Woodcock*, to a Proverb wise,
Unseen (he thinks) when clos'd his Eyes.
With these the bitter *Stare* repairs,
Who *Doves* unhatch'd in Embryo tears.
The shrivel'd *Bat*, nor Bird nor Beast,
Had Courage to approach this Feast;
Insur'd by solemn Oaths and Vows,
He'd not mistake her for a *Mouse*.

The Guests dispos'd, the Table set,
He, whilst they nod, or snort, or eat,
His learned Labours does repeat.

Well-suited Mess-mates! better known
Than lov'd; unask'd for; miss'd by none.

*Barum*,
August 23,
1733.

## *To a* LADY, *who demanded a Sample of his* Poetry.

VARNISH, his Wares to recommend,
The Choice did to the Curious send;
Charm'd with the Lure the Ladies fly,
And happy she who first could buy.
" This rich Brocade is lately come,
The Glory of the *Gallick* Loom.
" If seen, it ne'er had left *Versailles*;
" That's *Florence* —— *Genoa* —— this *Marseilles* ——
" Now, Madam, hither turn your Eyes,
" See here how Art with Nature vies!
" How far the Workmanship out-does
" The Gold that in each Flower glows.
" It cross'd the Tropicks, and the Line,
" Proud on your lovely Shape to shine.
" The Choice of Colour's no small Part
" (Believe me) in the Dressing Art.
" This Point let none, who Conquest prize,
" Conscious of native Charms despise.
" *Chloris*, would you a rosie Grace
" Mix with the Lillies in your Face;

" This ſprightly Pink, that Cherry wear ——
" Then let the Queen of LOVE compare.
" If, beauteous *Sylvia*, you ſuppoſe
" Your healthful Look too ſanguine glows;
" Then azure Robes will beſt become,
" And cool the Vigour of your Bloom."
The *Nice* his Patterns much approve;
The *Vain* his ſmooth Addreſſes move.
The Whole the lucky Flatterer ſold;
And turn'd, like *Midas*, all to Gold.
So much for *Tale*. And now 'tis fit
I ſhould apply what I have writ.
My teeming Muſe has oft brought forth:
But, doubtful of her Iſſue's Worth,
Kept 'em at home confin'd on Shelves;
But bids 'em now ſhift for themſelves.
Fearleſs of puny *Criticks* Rage,
If they eſcape the *Dunciad*'s Page.
Who knows, but noble G—— Grace,
May next to C——r give 'em Place?
To you ſhe dedicates the beſt;
Your Candour will excuſe the reſt.

*From*

*From* HOR. B. I. Ode 4. *To* SEXTIUS.

AT length the dull *Winter* for *Spring* has made Way;
And the Ships new careen'd again put to Sea. [Pens;
Clowns quit the black Chimney, Flocks leave the warm
Since no longer the Snow o'er the Meadows remains.
By Moon-ſhine now *Venus*, fair, merry, and gay,
With the *Nymphs* and the *Graces* does pleaſantly play:
In Meaſure Earth's Carpet alternately beats,
Whilſt *Vulcan* at home forging Thunderbolts, ſweats.
Now let us our Temples with Garlands of Flow'rs,
And Myrtle adorning, enjoy the fleet Hours.
Let us make to God *Faunus* a plentiful Feaſt,
We'll have Meat and Wine to be ſure of the beſt.
*Death* impartial from *Beggars* and *Kings* their Life takes;
'Twixt a *Cot* and a *Palace* no Difference makes.
Whilſt Hope of Hereafter Enjoyment delays,
The Tyrant *Death* on thee his Victim will ſeize;
And drive thee to *Pluto*'s dark Regions below.
And if thither once, poor Mortal, you go;
No more ſhall your Dice chuſe ye King of the Feaſt.
* No more ſhall lov'd *Phyllis* inflame your fond Breaſt;
Whoſe Beauty each Man, now your Rival, admires,
Whoſe Beauty each Woman with Jealouſy fires.



* It was Modeſty made the young Gentleman thus turn this Paſſage

# *DAVID*'s SERENADE.

*From* Cowley's DAVIDEIS, *Book* 3.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre,
And tell thy ſilent Maſter's humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail:
Sounds, that gentle Thoughts inſpire.
Tho' ſo exalted ſhe,
And I ſo lowly be;
Tell her ſuch diff'rent Notes make all thy Harmony.

Hark? how the Strings awake;
And, tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
Themſelves with awful Fear
A Kind of num'rous Trembling make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply;
Revenge upon her Ear the Conqueſt of her Eye.

Weak Lyre! thy Virtue ſure
Is uſeleſs here: Since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound.
And ſhe to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove,
My Paſſion to remove.
Phyſick to other Ills, thou 'rt Nouriſhment to Love.

Sleep,

## *Cowleii Dav.* L. 3.

FIDA Teſtudo, Domini miniſtra,
Sis vigil noſtros iterare Cantus:
Dic modos, Virgo quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures.
Sit licet Regis Soboles potentis;
Sint greges quamvis mea cura pingues;
Diſpares ſane Harmoniam ſonanti
Dant tibi Chordæ.

Ut lubens audis, Lyra, me vocantem!
Ut tibi, nec ſollicitante plectro,
Palpitant fila in numerum tremore
Pœne canoro.
Eja! inauditum melos ante fundas.
Quod mihi Forma tulit Illa vulnus
Dulce, Victrici modulata nervis
Carmina reddant.

Impotens ſed tu dare vulnus. Eheu!
Saucium ſed nec lubet Huic mederi.
Docta tu curas alias levare,
Paſcis amorem.

Vana

Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre;
For thou can'ſt never tell my humble Tale
In Sounds that may prevail.
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inſpire.
All thy vain Mirth lay by;
Bid thy Strings ſilent lye.
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Maſter die.

*The* Latin *of the following* SONG *was ſung when the Gentlemen of* Barum *School acted* Terence's *Comedy call'd*, The Self-Tormentor.

IF *Love*'s a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
So ſweet is the Pain, and ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I preſs'd her Hand gently, look'd languiſhing down;
And in paſſionate Silence I made my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love!
When ſtriving to hide it, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither durſt name.

Vana! te poſthac paries habebit.
Ibimus moeſti tacitique ad umbras.
Non modos dices, quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures.

## *Cantata in Scena Barumenſi.*

SI dulcis eſt Amor; quî nos cruciet?
Si amarus, O dicas, cur nobis placet?
Si voluptas eſt pati, quid iniquius querar?
Aut fruſtra quid doleam, ſi fato trahar?
Sagitta tam mollis, tam dulcis dolor,
Ut tenellum titillet, et vulneret cor.
Puellæ dum premo languens digitos,
Nequit Amor celari, licet obruat Os.
At O! quam beatum me blanda facit,
Errore cum ficto vera mens patefit!
Invita cum flammas male diſſimulat,
Et ocellis fatemur, quod timor vetat.

# RICHES and HEALTH.

*An Epiſtle to* PHIDON.

WOuld'ſt thou be wealthy? none can wiſh it more.
Learn without *Hazard* to improve thy Store.
At Five *per Cent.* thou little Sums advance:
Let *Intereſt* delay'd thoſe Sums enhance.
Two *Sureties* with the *Principal* be bound:
*Grypus* this Caution never-failing found.
Of *Mortgages* beware: Some latent *Cheat*
Hopes of *Poſſeſſion* does too oft defeat.
*Stock-Jobbing* hate; 'tis worſe than *Cards* and *Dice*;
The Bane of Induſtry; Fool's Paradiſe.
None in *Change-Alley* ſhall increaſe his Pelf,
Who meets not greater Cullies than himſelf.
High for a while the cheating Bubbles run:
But the laſt Purchaſer is ſure undone.
Whilſt plodding *Traffick* Shop and Buſineſs plies,
His honeſt *Hundreds* do to *Thouſands* riſe.
Content he lives on ſure, but moderate, Gains;
Whilſt Providence rewards his Thrift and Pains.

'Till

'Till aiming at a Plumb at once, the Fop
To purchaſe Stock, diſmantled all his Shop.
Drawn by his dappled Pair, whirl'd thro' the Town;
And dreamt of the *Prætorian* Chain and Gown.
Th' ambitious Fool, now rook'd of all his Store,
Begs at the Chariot, which he fill'd before.

Of haſty Gains the World will envious judge,
What's got by Thrift, none knowing, none can grudge.
But here remember —— 'tis the cunning Part,
However frugal, to conceal your Art.
If parſimonious, let it not be ſeen:
For a known Niggard 's ſcandalouſly mean.

*Harpy*, when ſummon'd to a gaudy Day,
Buxom and ready does the Call obey:
Impatiently expects the promis'd Food.
" So *Oyſters* gape for the returning Flood."
The Table ſet, he ſeizes on the Prey,
With Rage proportion'd to the long Delay.
Conſcious of Home, and fearful of a Faſt,
Pockets ſweet Fragments of the rich Repaſt.
" Man's Mimick ſo, Dame Nature's Scaramouch,
" Firſt fills his Belly, and then crams his Pouch:
" Does in that wond'rous Reſervoir conceal
" The wiſe Proviſion for a future Meal."

Regard thou *Uſe* in Bargains more than *Coſt*;
Buy, not what 's cheapeſt, but what 's wanted moſt,
Your Auction-hunting *Caſtors** oft I've known,
By great, but uſeleſs Penny-worths, undone.
*Avaro* yearly would his Friends invite;
And waſte a Twelve-month's Savings in one Night.
Conſtant thy Table be, one Tenor know;
Not ſtarve to Day, to-Morrow over-flow.
Still be it clean, however coarſe thy Fare:
Thy Sawce be Hunger, Exerciſe, and Air.
Would you conſult both Appetite and Health?
That *Salt* of Life, which makes us reliſh Wealth;
Your Teeth beſpoke by 's Worſhip, or my Lord,
Where Elegance and Plenty crown the Board;
By frugal Abſtinence at home, prepare
To ſhew your honour'd *Hoſt* you like his Fare.
" Timely their Meadows prudent Hinds lay up:
" Their Care's rewarded with a plenteous Crop.
Spoil not by an unneceſſary Whet
Your Stomach's Edge, when exquiſitely ſet.
Leſt you ſhould think this Admonition vain,
By freſh Example I'll the Rule explain.

* *Omnia Caſtor emit; ſic fiet ut omnia vendat.* *Vid.* MART.

Noble

Noble *Pomponius*, not leſs good than great,
Invites an antient *Borough* to a Treat.
The look'd-for Morning roſe; with active Force
Each well-dreſs'd Burgher mounts his champing Horſe.
Half-way a courteous Swain ſome Minutes ſtay'd,
With Stomach-whetting Draught, the Cavalcade;
Sage *Saſſafras*, already keenly edg'd,
In Complaiſance the kind Inviter pledg'd.
Squeamiſh as breeding Women, on he urg'd
His eaſy Nag —— the meagre Liquor purg'd.
The ſplendid Villa now the Gueſts receives,
Th' officious Groom their ſweating Pads relieves.
What Dainties Art or Nature could afford,
Fiſh, Fleſh and Fowl, are marſhall'd on the Board.
Pall'd *Saſſafras* alone no Morſel taſtes.
" So *Tantalus* amidſt his Plenty faſts.
He longs — he loaths — he tires — but all in vain.
He grieves — and vows he'll never *whet* again.

*Auguſt*,
A. D. 1730.

---

*On a* POUND *erected very near the* PARLOUR-WINDOW *of the* Manour-Houſe.

HOW well the *Pound* does with the *Parlour* ſuit!
Here *faſts* the Stranger, and there *ſtarves* the Brute.

*To Mr* BAYS.

WELL did the World's great Conqueror command
No Artiſt's, but the fam'd *Apelles'* Hand,
Should e'er attempt the Pourtrait of his Face;
Leſt Want of Skill ſhould the Deſign diſgrace.
Yet what *Apelles* did, or *Zeuxes* draw,
Tho' ſtill recorded, but few Ages ſaw:
Nor curious *Italy*, nor boaſting *Greece*,
Could ſave from Time one celebrated Piece.
Immortal Verſe (he knew) could Fame impart,
Beyond the *Painter's*, or the *Carver's* Art.
" *Homer* his Fav'rite's Glory does prolong,
" And makes his Hero laſting as his Song.
" And muſt I be forgot (he ſighing ſaid)
" For want of ſome great Genius' friendly Aid?
" Or muſt ſome Scribler riſe in future Times,
" To blaſt my Lawrels with his doggrel Rhimes?
" Silence were better far —— avert it, *Jove*,"
" And all ye Powers, who Verſe and Heroes love."
O! let not GEORGE, ſtupendous Lyric Bard,
Twice yearly feel, what *Alexander* fear'd.
Thy Pay unenvy'd, and thy Sack retain:
Do not thy Royal Patron's Name profane.
Thy tortur'd Muſe no more ſuch Ballads bring,
For *Eccles* to compoſe, and *Hughes* to ſing.

## *A Diſſertation upon* HORNS; *or The Conſolation of* CUCKOLDOM.

IN * *France* the one Man's Drink no make
Another's ſober Head to ake;
Quoth poor *Dufoy*, when drunken Maſter
Made bleeding Noddle need a Plaiſter.
And yet the ſilly Whim prevails
Thro' all the World, that wanton *Tails*
Of *Meſſalina's* muſt tranſlate
The Penance to the Huſband's *Pate*.
The wiſer Antients never thought
The worſe of him, whoſe Wife was naught.
*Atrides*, his lewd Rival ſlain,
Kindly receiv'd his *Nell* again:
Sunk in the Boſom of the Fair,
Forgot the Toils of ten Years War.
*Amphitryon* † thought it no Diſgrace,
That mighty *Jove* ſupply'd his Place.
That *Hero* rather did rejoice,
The Thunderer approv'd his Choice:
Hugg'd in his Arms the Foſter-Child,
And with a Father's Fondneſs ſmil'd,
Whene'er he rock'd him in his Shield:

And

* Vid. Sir G. *Eth.* Plays. † Vid. *Theocrit.* Idyll.

And meaſur'd, with triumphant Joy,
The Serpents ſtrangled by the Boy *.
Wiſe *Cato* lent his Friend his Dame;
Yet *Cato* had no other Name †.
*Jove*, when he deign'd in Maſquerade
To raviſh ſome fair mortal Maid,
A Satyr, or a Bull became;
And *Neptune* bliſſom'd like a Ram.
If *Horns* muſt follow looſe Amours;
Know, bold Aggreſſor, they are yours;
Not his, who weds the charming Dame;
Smooth is his Forehead, clear his Fame.
The forked Creſt § ſhould we remove,
It were falſe Heraldry in *Love*.
'Twas thy Contrivance ſure, *Old Nick*,
Or ſome lewd *Marriage-hater's* Trick,
To make poor Huſbands run Horn-mad,
Whene'er their Spouſes pleaſe to gad.
O Tyrant *Cuſtom!* all the Shame
Of *Cuckoldom* lies in the Name.
A Peaſant, without Learning, wiſe,
As I was reaſoning, thus replies:

* Young *Hercules*,
§ The *Horns* fairly turn'd.

† *Cato* no where call'd *Cuckold*.

" Thoſe

" Thoſe Huſbands, whom Folks *Cuckolds* call,
" Three Creatures repreſent 'em all.
" See yonder, in that Plat of Graſs,
" My ſhaggy *Goat*, my *Ram*, my *Aſs*.
" Old *Grey-beard* bears behind his Horns,
" And the Reproach, he ſees not, ſcorns.
" *Gibby* in vain from Scandal flies,
" His Horns hang ever in his Eyes.
" *Old Jack* the only Wretch appears,
" Who takes for Horns his lopping Ears.

## *To Mr* Joſ. L.

*Sawny*; or, *The Man of Conſequence.*

EUGENE, by Nature and by Fortune bleſs'd,
Bounteous and prudent us'd what he poſſeſs'd:
Books, Men, and Manners, with Exactneſs knew;
To *all* obliging, intimate with few.
Tho' eaſy to be pleas'd, and born to pleaſe,
Preferr'd to doubtful *Pleaſure* certain *Eaſe*.
Nor prais'd the *ſingle* State, nor Marriage blam'd;
*Conjugal* Love with Honour ever nam'd.
Always genteel, not finical, he dreſt;
And, what himſelf put on, became him beſt.

His

His Table elegant, but not profuſe.
His Servants few, not kept for *State*, but *Uſe*.
One dext'rous Hand could well the Office do,
Of *Valet*, *Butler*, and *Equerry* too.
The Poſt now vacant, was by many ſought;
But *Sawny* from a Friend Credentials brought.
*Eugene* his Mien and his Addreſs approv'd;
And hating Words, this ſingle Queſtion mov'd:
" Can you, tho' in few Words your Maſter ſpeak,
" The whole Deſign by *Conſequences* take?
" As thus:—My Lord to-morrow does deſign,
" The Ladies, and ſome Friends with me to dine.
" Be this the *Conſequence*, from what is ſaid,
" In the grand Parlour be the Table laid:
" The Damaſk, Porcelain, and the poliſh'd Plate
" Muſt be produc'd; well-dreſs'd the Servants wait.
" Or thus:—This Evening I the Air will take,
" From hence yourſelf muſt this *Concluſion* make:
' As I'm *Equerry*, it muſt be my Care,
' The Coachman do by Five provide the Chair;
' Myſelf equip'd, and ready mounted wait
' Or at the Stables, or the Terras-Gate.'
*Eugene* had often try'd his *Sawny*'s Senſe,
Pleas'd that he prov'd a *Man of Conſequence*.

But

But once it chanc'd — how prone is Man to err!
Once *Sawny* ſtrain'd the *Conſequence* too far.
The Story would you, Friend, vouchſafe to know,
You'd own his Error did from Duty flow.
A 'Pothecary, *Doctor*, and *Divine*,
*Eugene* one Morning viſited ere Nine.
Their Looks their mutual Surprize reveal,
His, at their Viſit, theirs, to find him well.
The grave Triumvirate he thus addreſt;
" Who viſits early, tho' upon Requeſt,
" Obliges much; but who, unaſk'd, beſtows
" A Boon like this, a double Favour ſhews."
—*Sent you not for us then?* (the Doctor ſaid)
*Or is't a Fiction of your* Valet's *Head?*
*We thought t' have found you cloſe confin'd to Bed.*
—Speak; did you call 'em?—*Yes.*—On what Pretence?
Had you my Orders? --- *Yes, by* Conſequence.
*For when this Morn I did my Duty pay,*
*And ask'd your Honour's Orders for the Day,*
*You ſaid, you'd try to ſlumber, was not well;*
*Bid me withdraw, 'till I ſhould hear your Bell.*
---- *Your Honour being ſick, I did* infer
*Your Safety moſt requir'd your Servant's Care.*

*Unbid I flew, and Duty gave me Wings,*
*Where* Linger-'em-along *the Mortar rings.*
*The Shop's tall Sides on either Hand were grac'd*
*With curious Cells, which in nice Order plac'd,*
*(Their azure Labels all enrich'd with Gold)*
*A thouſand various Med'cines ſeparate hold.*
*Beneath, groſs Herbs were negligently ſtrew'd;*
*Aloft, in juſt Arrangement, Bottles ſtood,*
*Fill'd (as their Titles ſaid) with various Liquor;*
*There a Tile hung, inſcrib'd* --- Per Orbem dicor:
England's St George *(I think) was the Device;*
*For proſtrate at his Feet the Dragon lies.*
*Here (I muſt own) 'twas* Sago's Inference;
*"The Doctor ſhould preſcribe, and he diſpenſe."*
*I took the Hint, ran to* Mermillo's *Dome:*
*I knew the* Conſequence —— *They both are come.*
Ill-pleas'd they heard, and ſternly him ſurvey'd;
But with a chearful Look the Paſtor ſaid,
"You reaſon well; but whence did you *infer*
"My Preſence, *Sawny*, was expected here?"
*--- Ah! Sir, 'tis Time to pray, when Danger's near.*
*Good Doctors may miſtake, and Art may fail,*
*But true Devotion ever will prevail.*

The

The Paſtor ſmil'd; but angry Tempeſts riſe
In *Pæan*'s Sons, and kindle in their Eyes.
Whilſt their diſorder'd Looks their Rage reveal,
*Eugene* a Burſt of Laugh could ſcarce conceal.
Haſtes to his Window, whence his Eye commands
A pleaſing Proſpect, Gardens, Groves, and Lands.
Advancing thro' a Walk of well-cut Trees,
With Stride delib'rate, he a Stranger ſees.
--" Look yonder; ſay, who is't?"--*Your Lawyer, Sir.*
--" Officious Fellow, what ſhould he do here?"
--*Ah! blame not this Effect of* Sawny's *Fear.*
*Never may I forget (Peace to the Dead)*
*What my old ſecond-ſighted Grandam ſaid:*
When ſick folks 'gin to pray, and Phyſick take,
'Tis Time, my Bern, their Teſtament to make.
*An Undertaker ſaid he'd wait below,*
*When theſe had finiſh'd, your Commands to know;*
*But ſith your Honour's ſafe, I'll bid him go.*
Aloud th' Aſſembly laugh'd with full Conſent;
They ſee his Foible; no Affront was meant.
That he knew *Conſequences*, all agree;
Aſſume good Humour, and ſit down to Tea.

## *The* SPIDER *and* POET.

ARTIST, who underneath my Table,
Thy curious Texture haſt diſplay'd;
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Waſt once a lovely blooming Maid.

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful *Spider*,
Fear no officious Damſel's Broom;
Extend thy artful Fabrick wider,
And ſpread thy Banners round my Room.

Swept from the rich Man's coſtly Table,
Thou 'rt welcome to my ſordid Roof:
Here thou may'ſt find a peaceful Dwelling,
And undiſturb'd attend thy Woof.

Whilſt I thy wond'rous Structure ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs Poet's Fate;
Like thee confin'd to loneſome Garret,
And rudely baniſh'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender Strings with Pain;
So does he labour like a Noddy,
To ſpin Materials from his Brain.

## ARANEA & POETA.

QUÆ noſtræ laqueos ſuſpendis, *Aranea*, menſæ,
O Telarum opifex, ingenioſa tuos;
Tu fueras quondam, ni fingunt omnia Vates,
Formoſa & multis virgo petita proois.
Inſidioſa hoſti, vigil, indefeſſa laborum,
Non ſcopa hic ſordes ſedula purgat anus.
Urge opus egregium, mihi non violabile Textum;
Tende, meæ paries qua patet uſque caſæ.
Aude, hoſpes, contemnere opes, inviſa ſuperbis,
Grata mihi, mecum hos tu cole, tuta, Lares.
Hic ſecura potes telam exercere diurnam,
Nec quiſquam, tibi qui ſtamina rumpat, erit.
Dædalum opus mirabor ego, recolamque ſeveræ
Quæ nobis pariter dura dedere Deæ.
Non locus eſt nobis, munda & pretioſa ſupellex
Fulget ubi; quo tu pellere, pellor ego.
Tecta eadem tibi quæ Vati; ſors una duobus;
Materiem ſtudio præbet uterque ſuo.
Ille ſuo carmen ducit ſubtile cerebro:
At tu viſceribus tenuia fila trahis.

Ille

He, for ſome flutt'ring, tawdry Creature,
That ſpreads her Charms before his Eye;
And that's a Conqueſt little better
Than thine of captive *Butterfly*.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree;
The End, perhaps, may better ſhew it:
'Tis ten to one but Penury
Ends both the *Spider* and the *Poet*.

*The ingenious Author of theſe* Engliſh *Stanza's I know not: But being commanded, by a Perſon of Quality, to tranſlate them into* Latin, *I choſe to print the Original oppoſite to the Tranſlation, that it may be ſeen by thoſe who have not the* Engliſh *(and I believe it was never printed) how far I have done it Juſtice.*

## *A Medicine for the* GOUT.

AS Gouty *Plodwell*, ſeeking ſoft Repoſe,
Lay ſweating with the Anguiſh of his Toes,
Cloſe by his Squab plac'd Shop-Book and the News,
At Intervals alternate to peruſe.
Four Hours ſpun out, ſo ſtubborn is the Fit,
For Book or News there's no Remiſſion yet.
But lo! his haughty * *Dalimalkid*'s come,
Who with a vocal Tempeſt ſhakes the Room:

* *Vid.* A Letter to this Lady in the *Turkiſh-Spy*.

"What!

Ille levem captat verſu pictamque puellam,
Inſidiata proco quæ cupit ipſa capi.
Jejunam ſed te, neve inferiora ſecutam,
Sollicitat picti papilionis amor.
Vita quidem vobis diſtat diſcrimine parvo:
Finem quis poſſit dicere, qualis erit?
Heu! vereor, ſed Dij vos talem avertite peſtem,
Ne vatem perdat teque, miſella, fames.

"What! medling ſtill with Politicks? (ſhe ſaid)
"What's *Osborne*, *D'anvers*, or your *Grub.* to Trade?
"Thou, idly-ſtudious Would-be, ne'er wilt thrive;
"Get in your Debts, and gainful Bargains drive.
"What's *Germany* to us, or *Spain*, or *France*?
"Better for both, you minded the main Chance."
Rage choak'd the reſt — The Storm he ſilent bears,
Which from his throbbing Feet the Torture ſcares.
So when raſh *Phaeton* had fir'd the World,
To quench the Flames great *Jove* his Thunder hurl'd.

The

## *The* FOX *and* GRAPES. *A* FABLE.

REYNARD, by Fraud and Rapine fed,
The Hen-roosts and the Lambkins Dread;
Sated with Slaughter, now grown nice,
A Vine with Clusters laden spies.
The Fruit, to warmest Beams display'd,
In horizontal Lines was laid.
Beauty has Charms: But ah! in vain
We sigh for what we can't obtain.
Six Foot above the Ground, and more,
The Wall supports the purple Store.
Beyond thy Reach, ambitious Creature,
Whose Cunning far exceeds thy Stature.
He longs --- and thrice, with utmost Strain,
Leaps at the Grapes; but leaps in vain.
Now tir'd, the disappointed Thief,
Tho sorely vex'd, thus hides his Grief:
" Youre yet too sour for *Reynard*'s Use;
" I'll leave to green-sick Girls such Juice."

*The* MORAL.

*Who have, by Fortune's Malice croſt,*
*Preferment, or a Miſtreſs loſt;*
*Wiſely diſſemble the Miſcarriage,*
*And what they cannot reach, diſparage.*

*The*

## *The* SPANIEL *and* TURNSPIT.

### A FABLE.

A Tutor'd *Spaniel*, ſleek and gay,
Taking a Walk one Summer's Day,
A daggled, thin-lank'd, Village Cur
Accoſts him thus; —— "Good-morrow, Sir;
"Much I reſpect your goodly Mien,
"As *Burgher* plump, as *Ermin* clean.
"Where-e'er you live, your lovely Caſe
"Proclaims you Fav'rite of the Place.
"Thoſe Offals you refuſe, would be
"A Banquet to half-famiſh'd me.
"Permit me, Sir, on you to wait;
"I'll humbly ſtop without the Gate,
"Whilſt Dogs, to me ſuperior far,
"Your Meſs-Mates, or your Umbra's are."
*Rover* approv'd the ſmooth Addreſs,
And courteous pity'd his poor Caſe.
— *Come, Mr* Trudge, *is n't that your Name?*
— "Plain *Trudge*, Sir! Titles give me Shame.
— *Our Turnſpit's dead with Age and Fat.*
(Thought *Trudge*, a lucky Omen that.)

*The Dripping-pan's your ſtated Fees,*
*If you're ſo fortunate to pleaſe.*
*Beſides, there's many a ſav'ry Bit*
*Comes in by way of Perquiſite.*
—" What, I Sub-Cook! I ſmell Roaſt-Beef!
" Sure you were born for my Relief."
—*You ſhall, my Friend*——" Your Vaſſal I;
" For Friend too mean; yours 'till I dye.
—*I'll introduce you to the Kitchen.*
*Soon as the Cook-maid brings the Spit in,*
*See, you obſequiouſly advance,*
*Wriggle, and fawn, about her dance.*
*Let not her Arms your Burthen feel,*
*But nimbly ſpring into the Wheel.*
O'er-joy'd *Trudge* follow'd, had Admittance,
And for his Hunger found ſmall Pittance.
Of *Rover* having learn'd his Cue,
Strait to the Larder-Door he drew,
Where *Joan* was ſpitting of her Veal.
He fawn'd, he friſk'd, he wagg'd his Tail;
Yelpt at the Sight of Spit, as pleaſant
As *Rover*, when h' as perch'd a *Pheaſant*.
Uſeful, tho' ugly, much he took
With all the Houſe, as well as Cook.

Happy

Happy, beyond his Hopes, he liv'd;
No Knave in Office faſter thriv'd:
And, too well fed, ſo nice was grown,
He'd ſcarce accept a proffer'd Bone.
Grown lazy now with Food and Eaſe,
Slighted his Poſt; but watch'd his Fees.
*Rover* a Patron's Freedom took,
The ruſtick Upſtart to rebuke.
— *Mean Souls, I ſee, rais'd from Diſtreſs,*
*Grow proud and wanton by Succeſs.*
*Was it for this thou wert preferr'd?*
*The Cook is little now rever'd.*
*I've heard thee call'd, I've ſeen thee ſhun,*
*When 'twas high Time the Meat was down.*
*Haſte to your Duty*, Trudge, *ſaid I*;
*E'en go yourſelf*, *was the Reply.*
— " That Anſwer you deſerv'd, I gave.
" I'm *Turnſpit* yet; but not your Slave.
" If Pref'rence be to Merit due;
" Who knows? I've Parts as well as you."
— *My Vaſſal once, too mean for Friend,*
*To rival me doſt thou pretend?*
— " I may for ſomewhat more declare;
" Can wind the Partridge, ſtart the Hare.

" (Your *Poachers* fureſt take the Game)
" And now a Dog of Title am,
" As well as you. Pray mark me, Sir."
—*No*, (*Rover* growl'd) *thou 'rt but a Cur.*

## *The* MORAL.

Addreſs'd to the Grand VISIER.

*Would you the Weight of publick Cares divide,*
*Let none be truſted, who ha'n't long been try'd.*
*Ungrateful Upſtarts prove their Patron's Foes,*
*And Rivals to the* Power, *by which they roſe.*

## *To* **** ****. *On a memorable Duel.*

HAPLESS in Duel as in Satire found!
Thy Wit cannot convince, nor Weapon wound.
O never draw again, advent'rous Youth,
Thy Sword on *P****, nor thy Pen on Truth.

EPI-

# EPILOGUE *to* PHORMIO.

*Spoke by* PHANY, ANTIPHO's *Bride, when the young Gentlemen of* Barnſtaple School *acted this Play.*

FLUSH'D with Succeſs, my *Nanty* longs to hear
How you his Choice approve, how like his Dear:
And fearleſs of *Candaules* Fate, he ſhews
His *Phany*'s Beauties to a Ring of *Beaux*.
Let jealous Coxcombs keep their Wives *incog*;
I'm truſted here to ſpeak an *Epilogue*.
But ſince old *Terence* made his *Belle* a Mute,
I'm not concern'd for *Terence* to diſpute.
For *Ep'logue* then I'll tell you, by your Leave,
My Nurſe's Fable on my Wedding-Eve.
" Imperial *Juno*, vex'd her *Jove* ſhould breed,
" Without her Help, from his own teeming Head,
" Vow'd Vengeance; and reſolv'd, without his Leave,
" Her pregnant Noddle ſhould a Babe conceive.
" Penſive ſhe ſat, ſip'd Tea, her Maids did rattle;
" Nay, her own Booby *Mars*, the God of Battle.
" Devour'd with Spleen, by Sleep at laſt reliev'd,
" Repos'd on Squab ſhe dreamt, and lo! conceiv'd.

" At

" At length a medley Monſter from her Brain
" Started, and lower'd, gay *Hymen*'s future Bane.
" Pride, Hatred, Envy, awkward Love, Deſpair,
" Of the loath'd Compound the Ingredients were.
" None knew what Name to call the Bantling by;
" A *Fury* roſe, and call'd it *Jealouſy*."

The Story thus my good old Nurſe apply'd;
" To-Morrow, deareſt Miſs, you'll be a Bride.
" Would you for ever *Antiphe* engage,
" And *Honey-Moon* preſerve to wrinkled Age?
" Would you ſecure the Prize your Beauty took?
" Beauty's the Bait, Good-Humour is the Hook.
" With what may happen ne'er diſturb your Mind,
" Nor curious ſearch for what you'd grieve to find.
" If he ſhould wander —— gently coo thy Mate;
" Frowns, and harſh Lectures but exaſperate.
" O *Phany!* ſmooth thy Brow, command thy Tongue;
" Forget the paſt, and fear no future Wrong.
" On thee the Centre of his Joys he'll reſt,
" And on Experience ſtill pronounce thee Beſt.
" Whilſt haughty *Prudes*, too keenly who reſent,
" Provoke the Injuries they would prevent.

PRO-

## PROLOGUE *to* *ADELPHI, Or The BROTHERS.*

WHEN *Britain*'s Senate wiſely did decree,
To ſet the Bar from learned Jargon free;
Had we but Int'reſt, we'd have begg'd a Clauſe
In favour of poor Boys, as well as Laws.
Were *hic, hæc, hoc* diſmiſs'd, with *qui, quæ, quod,*
Truants and Dunces would not fear the Rod.
Would you aſſiſt us, and our Maſter try!
So bright a Circle he can ne'er deny.
*Terence* henceforth be baniſh'd from our Scenes.
Not all who hear him know what *Terence* means.
I muſt confeſs the *Poet*'s kind to Day;
Two Matches made may recommend the Play.
A faithful, tender Couple you'll approve:
But what will Pity, or your Laughter move;
Is an old Batchelor (who all his Life
Did as a *Tertian Ague* dread a Wife)
In *Hymen*'s Fetters with a Widow bound.
" So Hoſpitals departing Sinners found."
But I muſt tell you, to do *Micio* right,
'Tis not his Choice, but *Demea*'s witty Spite.

Theſe

These two old Dons, tho' they own Brothers are,
Agree no more than Oil and Vinegar.
But *Demea*'s Sons with mutual Friendship love,
As if one Soul did their two Bodies move.
*Æschine*, his Uncle's Darling, shines a Beau.
At home close *Demea* keeps his *Ctesipho*;
With Books and Slaves alternate to converse,
Now hold the Plow, now read Philosophers.
One youthful Sally will their Lectures spoil;
Nature is Nature still, and will recoil.
A tawdry *Songstress* is the Rustick's Choice;
Chaste *Pamphila* gives *Æschine* lasting Joys.

## EPILOGUE *to* *ADELPHI.*

*Spoken by* MICIO *and* SOSTRATA.

*M.* YE stubborn Maids, ye Batchelors, take Warning;
Learn from my Fate what comes of Marriage-[Scorning.
I, who so many Years unhurt did range
The Court, the City, Theatre, and Change;
Who living Beauties but as Pictures view'd,
And *Cupid*'s whole Artillery withstood;

Whom

Whom Virgins ſigh'd for, Widows ſtrove to lure;
For whom Coquets were gay, and Prudes demure;
Marry paſt Sixty! not by Choice, but Doom.
"So Peccams hang, becauſe their Hour is come."

*Addreſſing* Soſtrata.

Since 'tis decree'd—accept the Dregs of Life;
A Nurſe were fitter for me than a Wife.

*S. Micio,* both Nurſe and Wife in me you take;
I'll warm your Sides, your Soups and Candles make.
When young, I was young *Simulus*'s Bride;
With him my Joys began, with him they dy'd.
For am'rous Cooing we are both too old:
No Paſſion warms me now, but charming Gold.—
Deficiencies ſhall be made good with Riches,
Let me have Money; and keep you the Breeches.—
Your Days I'll not diſturb with jealous Rage:
Nor Curtain-Peals ſhall chill you worſe than Age.

*M.* Too ſlight a Penance will my Fault attend,
Who now begin to wed, when I ſhould end.
We'll celebrate our Nuptials—not our Loves.

*To the Audience.*

Be generous to Night. To-Morrow we ſend Gloves.

## EPILOGUE to ANDRIA.

*Spoken by* LESBIA *and* DROMO.

*D.* LESBIA, advance. *L.* What further Use, sweet Rogue,
Is there for me? *D.* To speak the *Epilogue.*
*L.* But first, like Council, I will have my Fee,
Before I'll open. *D.* Say, what must it be?
*L.* Haste to the Cellar, fill a mighty Bowl
Of gen'rous *Cyprus*, to cheer up my Soul.
*Cyprus*, or *Chios*—There can be no Harm,
For an old Midwife her chill Veins to warm.
—Come, let it sparkle high, and crown the Cup,
Deep were it as my Grave, I'd drink it up.
—First to my Mistress—O delicious Creature!
—The Baby next—he 'as Daddy's every Feature.
—This to the worthy Father of the Boy.
—To this bright Circle now, who wish 'em Joy.
'Tis kindly done; for 'tis sad Lying-in,
Believe me, when none comes a Gossipping.
What lucky Stars did at her Birth preside,
Who in one Day is Mother and a Bride?
*Greek* Laws for yielding Maids Provision make:
Amongst you *Britons*, 'tis not touch and take.

Let

Let an old Woman warn you; for I fear,
Ladies, you'll find few *Pamphilus's* here.
'Till fully known, you are all Deities;
Lovers Devotion does from Ign'rance riſe.
*Venus* may Beauty give, and warm Deſire,
And wanton *Cupids* fan the growing Fire.
But Love, 'till *Hymen* the ſoft Fetters ties,
Is fond Deluſion, and Fool's Paradiſe.
If you muſt love, pray do it with Diſcretion,
Firſt let 'em ſign and ſeal, then take Poſſeſſion.
See at your Feet the Suppliant *Damon* dies:
Grant him his Suit, the faithleſs Victor flies.
Cloy'd with the firſt, he does new Loves purſue.
" Is your *Belinda* falſe, or rather you?
" Next Week ('twas ſaid) the Knot was to be ty'd:
" *Damon* the Shepherds envy'd; we the Bride.
" *Belinda*, Madam! Her I've had before.
" Were I her Huſband, could ſhe give me more?
Thus buſy Bees o'er all the Garden range,
Sip at each fragrant Flow'r, and ſipping change.
The Spoils of Innocence is what Men want,
And the laſt wretched Favour we can grant.

# EPILOGUE

TO THE

# *SELF-TORMENTOR.*

FANTASTICK Man unjuſtly does complain
Of Evils bred, like Maggots, in his Brain.
How many *Self-Tormentors* do we find!
Slaves to each ſickly Paſſion of the Mind.

*Lofty*, as peeviſh as a breeding Shrew,
Thinks he has leſs, and others more than due;
Swears all, but he, are rais'd by Impudence,
Without one Grain of Honeſty, or Senſe.
That Honours court him; but is baſely us'd,
If others take the Poſt his Pride refus'd.
Of Love, or Hate, you can no Judgment make;
He'll praiſe, or damn, for Contradiction's Sake.

'Why pines my Lady thus with ſullen Grief?
'The Cauſe conceal'd, how can you hope Relief?
"— To you, my faithful *Pinwell*, I'll diſcloſe
"(For thou 'rt diſcreet) the Source of all my Woes.

"Know

" Know then, that *Polydore*, by me deny'd,
" *Timandra*, whom I hate, would make his Bride.
" — What! Did you, Madam, *Polydore* approve?
" — Ah! no. But if again his Suit he'd move;
" I'd gratify my *Spite*, tho' not my *Love*.

*Acerba*'s Spouſe is to her Wiſhes kind;
Yet in that State ſhe does ſmall Comfort find.
Diſſatisfy'd, yet reigns without Controul,
Plagu'd with the Yellow Jaundice of the Soul.
When *Blandus* Wit, good Humour, graceful Mien,
In others owns, ſhe is devour'd with *Spleen*;
Their Praiſes from her *Blandus* cannot bear;
Jealous as *Juno*, tho' as *Venus* fair.

*Grypus*, who *Plutus* ardently adores,
That wilful Beggar in the Midſt of Stores,
Thinks himſelf curs'd, that any elſe enjoys
Thoſe harmleſs Pleaſures he himſelf denies.

What Pains to conquer did *Coſmelia* take?
Yet conquer'd only for the Triumph's Sake.
But now the proud Coquet, by Age o'er-ta'en,
Repents her Rigour, but repents in vain.

See! *Moody* walking with his Arms acroſs!
But what 'tis ails him, *Galen*'s at a Loſs.
Freſh his Complexion, ſparkling is his Eye,
And Health's gay Symptoms give Complaints the Lie.
" Looks are deceitful; I unpity'd die.
" Would'ſt thou be well; then lay learn'd *Obeyne* down,
" Nor make each Malady, thou read'ſt, thy own.
*Doctors* for other Ills a Cure may find;
*Wiſdom* muſt heal the Sickneſs of the *Mind*.

# THE LOVES OF HERO and LEANDER.

## From the *Greek* of *MUSÆUS*.

Addrefs'd to the LADIES of *Great-Britain*.

## VIRGIL *concerning* MUSÆUS.

TO theſe the *Sibyl* thus her Speech addreſs'd:
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt,
Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breaſt:
"Say, happy Souls, Divine *Muſæus*, ſay,
"Where lives *Anchiſes* ———

*Dryd. Virg. Æn.* 6.

## *From the* Latin *Epigram of* MARTIAL.

WHilſt bold *Leander* preſs'd to reach his Bride,
His Arms now weary'd with the ſwelling Tide,
Waft me (he ſaid) ye Billows to my Dear,
And drown me when I quit the charming Fair.

TO THE

# LADIES.

*IT was not Malice but Policy made our Sex divert you as much as poſſible from the Study of the* Belles Lettres. Power, *you know, is the favourite* Paſſion: *Now it were Arrogance to claim Superiority of* Power, *where there is none of* Ability; *and unreaſonable to hope for* Preference, *without ſome* Pre-eminence.

*We find, by univerſal Experience, that in all the Parts of a polite and finiſh'd* Education, *which have engaged your* Attention *in common with us, you at leaſt* equal *the* Beſt, *but* excel *the Generality of our* Sex.

*A Man muſt be ſtupid not to obſerve (tho' we ought to be ſhy in owning it) that* You *outdo us in the* Fineneſs *of your* Parts, *as well as in the charming* Delicacy *of your* Perſons. *I appeal to* Yourſelves, *is not the reſerving the Advantage of* Learning *a tacit Acknowledgement of this?*

*Ah!* Ladies, *what would become of the little* Superiority, *which with ſo much Struggle and Difficulty we maintain, were you to receive all the* Improvements *your Minds are capable of?*

*Since you are pleaſed to leave the* Drudgery *of ſtudying* Languages *to us; whilſt you are content to employ yourſelves in Things, without which* Life *would want moſt of its Comforts and Ornaments; it is but juſt* You *ſhould enjoy the Fruit of our Labours, and eat the* Kernel, *when we have crack'd the ſtubborn* Shell.

*To what End, do* You *think, have* Foreign Authors *been made to wear an* Engliſh Dreſs, *but to kiſs* your Hands? *'Tis for* You, Ladies, Tranſlators *deny themſelves*

*ſelves Sleep, waſte the Lamp of Life, and look pale: That* You *may be acquainted with the* Wit *and* Learning *of* Greece *and* Rome, *without troubling yourſelves with their Language, and know what the greateſt* Genius's *of* Antiquity thought, *without examining what they* ſaid.

*Where is there a* Lady *of* polite Taſte, *that does not find Leiſure for the* Iliad *and* Odyſſey, *and allow the beſt Shelf in her gilded Cloſet, for Mr* Pope's Homer? *Happy! envy'd* Writer! Nireus, *were he living, would be more ſtupid than he was beautiful, (of whom* your Homer *ſays,* Iliad II. v. 819.

*Nireus* in faultleſs Shape, and blooming Grace,
The lovelieſt Youth of all the *Grecian* Race)

*would he not gladly exchange Heads with him.*

*Let then Mr* Pope *employ your ſtudious Hours:* Muſæus, *an antienter Poet than* Homer, *as ſome* Learned *have affirmed (and I am too well bred to contradict them)* Muſæus, *the moſt tender and harmonious of antient* Poets, *begs Leave to be admitted to your* Toilet *or* Tea-Table.

*The* Subject *of the* Poem *is* Love. Hero *and* Leander *are the fond faithful* Couple, *whoſe Paſſion he deſcribes, whoſe* untimely Fate *he laments.*

*I have ſeen no Attempt at a* Tranſlation *of this celebrated* Piece *of* Antiquity, *before my own. I was fond of my* Author *before you were born. And if you read it with half the Pleaſure I wrote it, you will be a* ſtrong Party *for me againſt the Criticks. May the Pain of diſappointed Love befall thoſe who condemn what (I hope)* You *will do me the Honour to accept from,*

LADIES,

Your moſt devoted Servant,

THE

# THE LOVES OF *HERO* and *LEANDER*.

THE Nuptial *Torch* the *Muſe*'s Art employs,
The Guide and Witneſs of nocturnal Joys.
Sing, Goddeſs, the fond Youth, who ſtem'd the Tide,
And bravely ſwam to his Night-marry'd Bride:
The ſecret Nuptials, to the Morn unknown:
Fam'd *Seſtos*, and *Abydos*' antient Town.

Hark! the daſh'd Waters ſtrike the liſt'ning Ear;
The Torch's ſputt'ring Blaze methinks I hear:
Which, by fair *Hero* lighted, does impart
The faithful Meſſage of her tender Heart.
Thee, *Cupid*'s Emblem, ſhou'd *Saturnian Jove*
Have plac'd amidſt his Favourites above,
And call'd the Bride-adorning Star of Love.

For thou wert ever faithful to thy Truſt,
Till conquer'd by a Storm's impetuous Guſt.
Aſſiſt me, *Muſe*, whilſt mournful I relate
The Torch extinguiſh'd, and *Leander*'s Fate.
*Phrygian Abydos*, *Græcian Seſtos* ſtood
In View oppos'd, divided by the Flood
From *Helle* nam'd. At both, on Conqueſt bent,
*Cupid*'s ſmart Bow his golden Arrow ſent;
Thro' Virgin *Hero*'s, aud *Leander*'s Heart,
Flew in one Inſtant his unerring Dart.
He at *Abydos*, ſhe at *Seſtos* born,
Their native Cities like two Stars adorn.
Stranger, if e'er you ſhou'd to *Seſtos* go,
And ought that's curious do delight to know;
See the fam'd Tower, from whence the longing Bride
Did with her Torch her floating Huſband guide.
Thence ſpread thy Canvaſs to *Abydos*' Shore;
*Leander*'s fatal Love they ſtill deplore.
Say, Goddeſs, how, whom rapid Waves diſjoin'd,
Did mutual Fetters this fond Couple bind.
*Hero*, for noble Anceſtry renown'd,
Was *Venus*' Prieſteſs, and her Altars crown'd.
A Virgin Prieſteſs was no proper Choice,
Stranger to Love, averſe to bridal Joys;

Another *Venus* ſhe — the neighb'ring Seas
Her lone hereditary Tower ſurveys.
She modeſt, wiſely fearing Cenſure's Tongue,
Kept from th' Aſſemblies of the Fair and Young:
Nor mix'd in Dance. Women malicious are,
Superior Worth their Envy *cannot bear*.
Oft to the Goddeſs, and her Son ſhe mov'd
Her humble Suit, which neither Power approv'd.
" O hear me, gracious: guard my Virgin Heart
" From *Hymen*'s Lamp, and *Cupid*'s fiery Dart."
And urg'd her Suit with Incenſe. — But ſhe pray'd
In vain; for *Hero* muſt not die a Maid.
For now, the Year returning, came the Day,
When devout *Seſtos* ſolemn Honours pay.
(So will'd the Goddeſs) to perpetuate
Her Love's Memorial, and *Adonis*' Fate.
Hither they haſte, the Feſtival to keep,
From the rich Iſles, that ſwell th' *Ægean* Deep.
Some from *Hæmonia*, ſome from *Cyprus*' Shore;
*Cythera*'s Cities emptied all their Store
Of female Vot'ries to the hallow'd Shrine.
With theſe in Chorus the blith Dancers join,
On *Libanus*' high Top who nimbly bound,
Where fragrant Incenſe fumes the Air around;
Its circling Verge with lofty *Cedars* crown'd.

Num-

Numbers from *Phrygia*, and its neighb'ring Port
*Abydos*, to the ſacred Rites reſort.
*Seſtos* the Feaſt proclaims; none ſtay behind,
In Beauty curious, and to Love inclin'd.
The Temple fills, gay Youth aſſembled there,
Leſs for Devotion, than to view the Fair.
Where thro' the ſpacious Dome the Prieſteſs paſs'd,
Her Face around a radiant Brightneſs caſt.
So thro' the gloomy Shades the Queen of Night,
The Silver Moon, ſhines with diſtinguiſh'd Light.
Faint Bluſhes circling paint each lovely Cheek,
So thro' their opening Buds young Roſes break.
Each fine-turn'd Limb of her's a roſy Mead;
New Flowers ſalute her Feet, where'er they tread.
Three *Graces* only did the Antients feign;
Here in each ſmiling Eye a hundred reign.
Thy Judgment, Goddeſs, this wiſe Choice did prove,
O faireſt Offspring of celeſtial *Jove!*
She Beauty's Queen on Earth, as thou above.
For all confeſs thy Prieſteſs' mighty Charms;
Each wiſhes *Hero* in his circling Arms.
Where-e'er ſhe travers'd, ſuch her Mien and Gait,
All Eyes, the Hearts of all, her Motion wait.

But one, by Love made eloquent in vain,
Thus Silence broke amidſt th' admiring Train.
" I've travel'd *Greece*, ſeen famous *Sparta*, where
" Their Sons are valiant, and their Daughters fair.
" Where rival Beauties with each other vie,
" And the rich Palace ſhines a Galaxy.
" But amongſt Thouſands I no Virgin found
" With youthful Charms, like this, and Wiſdom crown'd,
" Thy Prieſteſs, *Venus*, can no Mortal be:
" The *Graces'* younger Siſter waits on thee.
" Whilſt pleas'd I read the Wonders of her Face,
" My weary'd Eye-balls ake — yet muſt I gaze.
" O! Would the Fair vouchſafe me equal Love,
" Happy in her I wou'd not envy *Jove*.
" If, *Cyprian* Queen, thy Prieſteſs be deny'd,
" Grant to thy Suppliant ſuch another Bride."
Thus he admir'd and pray'd — The reſt declare,
In ſilent Looks, their Paſſion and Deſpair;
But thine, *Leander*, was too great to bear.
Her Eye quite thro' thee ſhot its pointed Rays,
Works in thy Veins, and on thy Vitals preys.
Intranc'd, thou can'ſt not, nor wou'dſt thou controul
The ſweet Infection, that tranſports thy Soul.

*Hero*

*Hero* muſt hear the Conqueſt of her Eyes;
*Hero* muſt yield: Or he without her dies;
The Prieſteſs ſhe; but he the Sacrifice.

When perfect Beauty all its Charms diſplays,
Painfully bright it ſhines, as Noon-day Rays:
As Lightning ſubtle, ſwifter than a Dart;
Wounds at the Eye, thence ſinks into the Heart.
What diff'rent Paſſions poor *Leander* move!
Now Awe; now Boldneſs; Modeſty, now Love!
Eager to ſpeak, impatient of his Pain,
Fears to diſpleaſe his fault'ring Tongue reſtrain.
When! How ſhall he th' important Secret tell,
Throbbing for Vent, too painful to conceal!
Courage prevails, the Fair he will accoſt,
Women the Bold, like Fortune, favour moſt.

Reſolv'd, with ſilent Steps he does advance,
Stands in her View, and darts an amorous Glance.
Whilſt thus his Eyes the Orator do play,
Reveals his own, and ſteals her Heart away;
In his fond Looks ſhe read, and well approv'd
Theſe Truths that ſhe, had Charms, and that he lov'd.
With Conqueſt pleas'd, herſelf ſhe almoſt chid;
Her Joy, her Bluſhes, and her Face ſhe hid.

Then

Then rais'd her Head, returning ſuch a Look,
He had been worſe than blind, had he miſtook.
His raviſh'd Soul confeſſes *Cupid*'s Power;
He waits impatient for a lucky Hour.
*Phœbus* declines, fair *Veſper* now ſucceeds;
An awful Gloom thro the wide Temple ſpreads.
He watch'd the Minute, preſs'd her roſy Hand,
Fetch'd a deep Sigh, which Lovers can command.
Diſpleas'd ſhe ſeem'd — But Silence, vanquiſh'd Maid,
Whilſt you your Hand withdrew, your Love betray'd.
*Leander* now (Succeſs had made him bold)
Does on her rich embroider'd Robe lay hold.
At farther Diſtance by her Lover led,
She follows ſlow, half yielding, half afraid.
She forc'd a Menace, and thus Silence broke:
— Preſumptuous Stranger, durſt you thus provoke
A Virgin with rude Hands? Forbear! be gone!
Dear might it ſtand you, if th' Affront were known.
My Parents rich and noble, keen their Rage;
Who, that is wiſe, would Wealth and Power engage?
Me heav'nly *Venus* guards — thy Hopes are vain,
A Virgin Prieſteſs dare not to profane. —
*Leander* ſmil'd at her pretended Ire;
Her Female Threats add Fuel to his Fire.

When the Fair threatens, 'tis but Anger feign'd,
The Skilful knows, and half his Point is gain'd.
Her Robe he quits, again her Hand he preſs'd,
And thus, by Love inſpir'd, the Maid addreſs'd:
" Wiſe next *Minerva*, next thy *Venus* dear,
" For amongſt Women it Injuſtice were
" To rate ſuch heavenly Excellence as thine,
" And *Hero* muſt deſcend from Race Divine.
" Bleſt be thy Mother, to whoſe painful Throw
" Th' admiring World does ſuch an Offspring owe.
" Yet, tho' exalted, hear my humble Suit.
" High are the Gods, whoſe darling Attribute
" Is Pity. Fated thine, let me not prove
" The lingring Torments of a hopeleſs Love.
" Think on the mighty Goddeſs, whoſe you are,
" Good as ſhe's great, compaſſionate as fair,
" Beſt ſerv'd by being like the Deity.
" Her Nuptial Rites, young Prieſteſs, learn of me.
" The Laughter-loving Goddeſs ne'er cou'd brook
" Veſtals or Prudes, of ſtarch forbidding Look.
" To pleaſe your Goddeſs, and her winged Boy,
" My Sov'reign be, my Services employ:
" Thy leaſt Commands I will obſequious wait,
" But be my Bride, to make the Bliſs compleat.

" The

" The Archer God at me took ſteady Aim,
" Deſign'd me for you, and ſecur'd the Game.
" Sly *Hermes* took *Alcides* in his Toils,
" Arm'd with a Club, and wrapt in Lyon's Spoils:
" The ſurly Warrior *Omphale* obey'd,
" Lay'd by his Club, and with her Diſtaff play'd:
" Reluctant ſerv'd the proud *Jardanian* Dame,
" Drag'd by the God. I, ſent by *Cupid*, came.
" Fair *Atalanta*, not leſs cold than fair,
" (That fam'd *Arcadian* ſure has reach'd your Ear)
" Brave *Meleager* long had woo'd in vain,
" His faithful Love ill-quitted with Diſdain.
" At laſt propitious *Cupid* took his Part,
" (So *Venus* angry bid) he ſhot his Dart,
" And ply'd, with all his Engin'ry, her Heart.
" And now 'tis ſcornful *Atalanta*'s Turn,
" To love, to wiſh, to languiſh, ſigh and burn.
" O! let Example warn thee to revere
" The Goddeſs, and my Suit indulgent hear."
So well *Leander* urg'd his amorous Tale,
With ſuch a Grace, his artful Words prevail.
No longer now the bold Addreſs alarms,
Her Soul approves, confeſſing all his Charms.

Well-pleas'd ſhe heard him; but afraid to ſpeak,
Her Bluſhes ſtrew'd with roſy Light her Cheek.
Her beauteous Head declin'd, ſhe durſt not riſe,
To meet the Glances of her Lover's Eyes.
On the rich Floor, with various Colours lay'd,
In thoughtful Mood her golden Slipper play'd;
Now ſets her Robe. In ev'ry Act he ſees,
He found the Way her Virgin Heart to pleaſe.
Her conſcious Bluſhes ſhew the Mind's Intent,
And Silence is the yielding Maid's Conſent.
A pleaſing Pain from Love's ſweet-bitter Dart,
And a ſoft Flame diffuſes thro' her Heart.
Whilſt on the Ground her Eyes ſhe ſilent caſt,
Her Iv'ry Neck he view'd, and taper Waiſt.
At length, reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe rais'd her Head,
Her Face with humid Bluſhes over-ſpread.

"What God, O Stranger, has thy ſoothing Tongue
" With ſweeteſt Accents, ſoft Perſuaſion hung?
" Than rugged Rocks, which break the foaming Sea,
" That Heart is harder, that's unmov'd by thee.
" But Travellers are ſhifting as the Wind:
" In each new Harbour a new Miſtreſs find.
" A Match we dare not publickly avow;
" For that my rigorous Parents won't allow.

" And

" And Youth's too raſh a Paſſion to conceal:
" Each Look, each Geſture will your Flame reveal.
" Your Stay in Cits wou'd Jealouſy create,
" Curious to pry, malicious to relate.
" You know me to be *Hero*: Now declare
" (But tell me truly) who, and whence you are.
" From *Seſtos* at ſmall Diſtance, on the Shore,
" Laſh'd by the Waves, and deaf'ned by their Roar.
" A Tower high-rais'd on rocky Baſis ſtands,
" Whoſe weather-beaten Top the Sea commands.
" Here, thank my Parents, is my lonely Home;
" Where jocund Youth, nor blooming Virgins come.
" One Female ſerves for Company and Maid,
" Hoarſe Winds and bluſtring Storms my Serenade."
Thus undiſguis'd and artleſs *Hero* ſpeaks;
Herſelf ſhe blames, and veils again her Cheeks.
He ſtands entranc'd, ſtruck dumb with Love's Exceſs,
And ſilent Looks his Tranſports beſt confeſs.
But now the Means his lab'ring Thought employ,
How he his glorious Conqueſt may enjoy.
Strange Power of Love! who makes Mankind endure
His thrilling Arrow, then preſcribes the Cure.
Perplext *Leander*, by his friendly Aid,
A ſtrange Expedient found, and thus he ſaid:

" To

" To claſp my *Hero*, and enjoy my Bride,
" Theſe Arms the riſing Billows ſhall divide.
" By me unheeded ſhall loud Tempeſts roar:
" And, were the Waves on Fire, I'd venture o'er.
" Againſt my Danger, I'd my Pleaſure weigh:
" *Hero*, and Love, the Danger will o'er pay.
" When Night ſpreads o'er the World her ſable Wings,
" Your floating Lover to your Arms ſhe brings.
" A-croſs the Flood, *Abydos* ſtands in View:
" There live I, there my infant Breath I drew.
" But on thy Tower a flaming Torch ereſt,
" Thro' the dark Night my Paſſage to direct.
" I *Cupid*'s Veſſel, and thy Torch my Star,
" *Orion* need not, or the reſtleſs *Car*,
" Which never ſetting round the Pole does move,
" To guide me ſwimming to the Port of Love.
" But oh! remember when the Winds blow hard,
" Think on my Danger, and the Flambeau guard.
" For, that extinguiſh'd, Life wou'd be deſtroy'd,
" And *Hero* left a Widow unenjoy'd.
" *Leander*, Deareſt, is thy Huſband's Name;
" The happieſt Huſband of the loveliеſt Dame.

Wond'ring ſhe heard! his Courage does admire,
Accepts his Love, and glows with mutual Fire.

Conſents,

Conſents, whilſt others lie diſſolv'd in Sleep,
Herſelf wou'd light him o'er the darkſome Deep;
They'd wake to Love, and *Hymen*'s Vigils keep.
They part unwilling. He with curious Eye
Surveys Love's Port, where all his Treaſures lie.
Thence with freſh Gales is to *Abydos* born.
She to her lonely Manſion muſt return.
Long ſeems the Day, for Night's Return they wait,
And Fancy does its Bliſs anticipate.
Both ripe for Joy, and both all over Charms,
Long to be folded in each other's Arms.
The World's in Silence huſh'd: But Love denies
Soft Slumber to *Leander*'s wakeful Eyes.
Darkneſs long wiſh'd for brings the Nuptial Hour,
And *Hero* ſhews Love's Signal from her Tower.
Thro' the dark Welkin darts the chearful Gleam;
His Soul takes Fire; he haſtens to his Stream.
The Billows roaring furious ſtrike his Ear:
A while he pauſes, and begins to fear.
But Joys approaching his dampt Spirits raiſe:
*Hero*'s the Prize: Then thus, reſolv'd, he ſays:
" How ſtrong Love's Power! implacable the Main!
" But what are Waters to my burning Pain?

" Indulge

" Indulge the Flame, my Heart, nor Surges dread;
" My noble Paſſion let true Courage aid.
" Remember *Venus* from the Sea aroſe;
" And Seas and Lovers are at her Diſpoſe."
He ſtrips, and round his Head his Tunick ties;
Darts from the Shore, and the ſtiff Tide defies.
Obliquely cutting to elude its Weight;
Himſelf the Rower, Veſſel, and the Freight.
Whilſt from the Battlements the Torch ſhe ſhews,
Conſcious and trembling at each Blaſt that blows.
Its quiv'ring Flame her Mantle ſpread defends:
For on his Safety all her Joy depends.
Soon as the Shore his painful Arms cou'd reach,
She meets her Lover panting on the Beach.
O'er the ſharp Stones his tott'ring Step relieves,
The Gate wide open the fond Pair receives.
His Welcome there a paſſionate Careſs
Does far beyond the Power of Words confeſs.
Strait by the undiſſembling Fair he's led
To her own Chamber, and her Virgin Bed.
His well-proportion'd Limbs ſtill dropping wet,
Her Hands officious wipe, and wipeing heat:
With fragrant Odours of rich Oil remove
The fiſhy Scent, and all perfume th' Alcove.

On

On the ſoft Down ſtill panting is he plac'd,
Then *Hero* ſpake, and, as ſhe ſpake, embrac'd.
" Unheard of Pains did my *Leander* take,
" O kindeſt of thy Sex, for *Hero*'s Sake.
" The briny Drops upon thy ruby Lip
" Still hang, where little Loves their Revel keep.
" Take thy own *Hero*, and thy throbbing Head,
" And weary Limbs, be on her Boſom laid."
He now refreſh'd, and eager for his Bride,
Flew to the Quarry, and her Zone untied.
Secret the Match. No Bard his Skill diſplays,
In tuneful Song the marry'd State to praiſe.
No Muſick there; nor active Youth advance,
To friſk a Jig, or lead the figur'd Dance.
Nor *Hymen*'s Lamps thro' the Apartment ſhine,
Nor Parents pleas'd the ſolemn Chorus join.
Still Silence dreſs'd the Bed, ſecur'd the Gate;
Silence and Night upon their Nuptials wait.
The roſy Morn proclaims the riſing Sun,
The Lovers ſigh; *Leander* muſt be gone.
Liſtleſs and ſlow *Abydos*' Port he gains,
*Hero* at *Seſtos*, as a Maid remains.
By Day a Virgin, but a Wife by Night,
Guards againſt Cenſure, and ſecures Delight.

To them unwelcome riſes the fair Morn,
Slow drives the Sun, retarding Night's Return.
Oft he repeats the Danger of the Tide,
Shoots thro' the Billows, and enjoys his Bride,
And both with Caution the ſweet Secret hide.

Too great their Bliſs for Mortals, could it laſt!
For ſuch Adventures the mild Seaſon 's paſt.
Rough Winter now with Nakedneſs deforms
The Groves and Fields, the Seas with horrid Storms.
The Winds inſulting now the Surface ſweep,
Now eddying, tear the Bottom of the Deep.
The frighted Sailor mourns, himſelf ſcarce ſav'd,
On craggy Rocks his ſturdy Veſſel ſtav'd.
Nor Wind, nor Sea, nor Winter can controul
The head-ſtrong Paſſion of *Leander*'s Soul.
He ſees Love's Signal lighted by his Dear,
Neglects his Safety, and forgets to fear.
*Hero* ſhou'd ſpare him till the Storms abate,
Nor let her Fondneſs make him tempt his Fate.

Oh! 'twas a diſmal Night, tempeſtuous, dark;
When not in Heaven appear'd one ſtarry Spark.
When poor *Leander* raſhly quits the Land,
For faithleſs Seas — ſo Love and Fate command.

Wave upon Wave came rolling, on the Ground
Break dreadful, and the Sea with Heav'n confound.
Sharp-cutting *Eurus* ruſhes from the *Eaſt*;
And ſweeping *Zephyrs* from the gloomy *Weſt*.
From ſultry Climes wet *Auſter* ſallies forth,
And *Boreas* thunders driving from the *North*.
Winds fight with Winds, the Sea with Fury rend,
And full-charg'd Clouds in burſting Spouts deſcend.
Stunn'd with the Craſh of elemental Strife,
*Leander* now almoſt deſpairs of Life.
Diſtreſs'd, to *Venus* does his Prayer direct,
That ſhe, Love's Queen, a Lover wou'd protect,
*Venus* Sea-born. Now *Neptune* begs to lay
The furious Storm, whom Storms and Seas obey.
*Boreas* implores, for dear *Orithya*'s Sake,
His raviſh'd Bride, he would ſome Pity take.
In vain he pray'd, and no Aſſiſtance found;
The Gods themſelves by Deſtiny are bound.
Hurry'd along, he floats, on Billows toſt,
His reſtleſs Arms and Feet their Vigour loſt.
Drench'd in the briny Flood, againſt his Will,
Large fatal Draughts his loathing Stomach fill.
The Torch extinguiſh'd, now no Light ſupplies,
And in th' Abyſs he guggling ſinks, and dies.

Mean while she watchful stands, oppress with Cares;
Wonders he stays so long: But more she fears.
*Aurora*'s Blushes usher in the Light,
Chasing too late the Terrors of the Night.
With earnest Ken she does the Deep survey;
*Leander* had perhaps mistook his Way.

O killing Sight! Beneath her Tower she spies,
Where torn on Rocks, a breathless Coarse he lies.
Distracted now, and raging with Despair,
Her Face she tore, her golden Robe and Hair.
Of Life impatient, from the Tower's high Walls,
Rustling, and head-long by *Leander* falls.

Thus *Sestian Hero* with her Husband died,
Love join'd 'em living, nor could Death divide.

# SERIA.

——— *Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo.* HOR.
Urania, *now begin a loftier Strain.* DRYD. VIRG. Ec. 4.

## *On* TIME.

TIME is a Talent which Fools value moſt,
Like Health and happy Innocence, when loſt.
O'er what is gone, nor Man, nor Fate has Pow'r;
And nothing 's certain but the preſent Hour.
What Madneſs 'tis th' important *Now* to waſte!
One preſent Minute 's worth whole Ages paſt.
Unjuſtly Man of his ſhort Life complains;
The Stake, well manag'd, endleſs Treaſure gains.
Why dreams the Poet of immortal Bays?
Or why do fighting Heroes hope to raiſe,
By ravag'd Countries, ſlaughter'd Hoſts, their Fame?
By Pyramids to eternize their Name?
Vain Hopes, on future Ages to depend!
There's nothing laſting that muſt have an End.
Time with created Nature firſt began;
Short is its Date; its Meaſure but a Span.

Eternity

Eternity 's a Circle without Bound;
Time, but the Centre of an endleſs Round.

The Streams, which burſting from ſome Mountain's Side,
Swoln to a River, in deep Channels glide;
Now ſtraight, now ſportive in Meanders play;
But ſtill inceſſant keep their humid Way.
'Till in the briny Deep they loſe their Names,
The *Ganges*, *Danube*, or the Silver *Thames*.
Like them Time reſtleſs flows; like them ſhall be
Loſt in the Ocean of Eternity.
The Moon, the gliſtring Stars, th' unweary'd Sun,
Who firſt with Time their glorious Race begun,
Meaſure its Motions, and divide the Year,
With Time their Race ſhall end, and diſappear.

## *The* WISDOM *of* BELIEVING.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅ τι ἕνεκα ἂν Θεὸς ψεύδοιτο. PLAT.

THOu Spring of Life and Thought, the Soul, impart
(If known the Secret) What, and Whence thou art.
Ere Parents join, doſt thou exiſt, or not?
Art thou created, or art thou begot?
Do by Tradition *George* and *Caroline*
Conſeſs'd in their *illuſtrious Iſſue* ſhine?

Created

Created if thou wert; then Where; and How
For Ages paſt laidſt thou conceal'd till now?
If Inactivity thou couldſt not bear;
What various Shapes of Body didſt thou wear?
By Tranſmigration doſt thou ſhifting paſs:
And modeſt *F**r* is what *Toland* was;
By the ſame Soul does *Sarum C*b* indite,
As pious *Hobbs* of *Malmſbury* did write?
That thou art *Spirit* from thy Maker know,
Who did thy Being, and thy Pow'rs beſtow.
How mov'ſt thou Matter, light, æthereal Thing,
And to the Body's Actions giv'ſt the Spring?
How do its Organs Pleaſure give, or Pain?
Whence raiſe thy Paſſions, Fondneſs or Diſdain?
How elevate thy Hopes? how move thy Fear?
And how inform thee by the Eye and Ear?
How in that little World doſt thou reſide,
To which thou'rt Life, to which thy Will's a Guide?
Quite thro' thy Realms thou omnipreſent art:
All in the Whole, and whole in ev'ry Part.
But, at thy Pleaſure, thy precarious Reign,
Thou neither can'ſt reſign, nor yet retain.
And dar'ſt thou ſacred Myſteries deny,
Who to thyſelf art ſuch a Myſtery?

To

To give us Knowledge human and divine,
*Senſe*, *Reaſon*, *Faith*, their friendly Forces join.
Each to the Mind becomes a faithful Guide,
When to their proper Objects they 're apply'd.

From diff'rent Organs diff'rent Pleaſures riſe,
Muſick our Ear, and Painting charms our Eyes.
Nature with Joy the riſing Sun proclaims:
I hear the mounting Lark, and bleating Lambs.
Warm'd and enlightned by his genial Ray,
I truſt my *Senſes*, and confeſs 'tis Day.

Who 's that the Velvet Cuſhion now enjoys?
*Tunely*: My faithful Ear aſſerts his Voice.
But what he does with Emphaſis recite,
My *Reaſon* tells me *Tillotſon* did write.

*Senſe* to the Mind God's Oracles conveys:
Their Import *Reaſon* next maturely weighs.
That they are true by *Faith* the Mind agrees.
Diſtinct their *Powers*, diſtinct their *Office* is.
What *Reaſon* can't demonſtrate, *Faith* reveres.
*Stanley* is blind; but to Perfection hears*.

The prudent Merchant, in Purſuit of Gain,
Ventures his Fortunes to the ſtormy Main,
To Men unknown; to Lands he never trod;
But wiſer *Pyrrho* will not truſt his God.

To

* The celebrated blind Organiſt.

Where's thy Obedience, if he be the Lord?
And is he *Truth*; and dar'ſt thou doubt his *Word?*
What you confeſs, demonſtrate; if you can.
Then boldly aſk, Does GOD converſe with Man?
Conceited *Reaſoner*, think on *Dives'* Fate;
To *Prophets* deaf, by Death *convinc'd* too late:
What in few *Days* a Fever's Rage could waſte,
Now unconſum'd in *endleſs* Flames muſt laſt.
Oh! that ſome pitying Angel would reveal
To *Dives'* Brethren, what I tortur'd feel!
— The Libertines deſpiſe what *Moſes* wrote;
*Senſe*, and themſelves, their Guide: By Senſe they ſhall [be taught.
No more againſt thy Happineſs diſpute,
Leſt Vengeance thy falſe Arguments confute.
He *reaſons* beſt, who humbly does *believe.*
What *Truth* Divine has ſaid, for *Truth* receive.

## *A Midnight's Contemplation.*

I.

STRETCH'D on his Bed the weary Lab'rer lies,
And balmy Sleep cloſe ſeals his Eyes,
'Till *Lucifer* calls forth the Sun.
Around my Couch Night's Curtain's ſpread,
Dark as the Manſions of the Dead,
Thoughtful I wake, 'ere half her Courſe is run.

II.

O *Act Eternal!* who do'ſt *Iſrael* keep,
Thou never Slumber know'ſt nor Sleep.
To thee alike are Day and Night.
Thy Palace's unbounded Space,
Fill'd with the Brightneſs of thy Face,
The Sun's but Darkneſs to its glorious Light.

III.

Reſtleſs Ambition, and diſtracting Cares,
Deluſive Hopes, and idle Fears,
Be Strangers to my waking Thought.
O! let my Meditation be
Early employ'd, my God, on Thee,
Thy Law, thy Truth, the Wonders Thou *haſt wrought.*

IV. Dark

IV.

Dark as this Hour the World in Embryo lay,
(The Spirit hov'ring o'er the Deep)
A formleſs indigeſted Heap,
'Till thy Command call'd forth the Day.
Then the fair Firmament appear'd,
Then Earth her Head above the Waters rear'd.

V.

Her Boſom Flowers and Fruits and Herbs adorn,
Stars deck the Heav'ns. The bluſhing Morn
Wakes to his Race the new-born Sun,
Nature to chear with genial Light,
And rule the Day. The Queen of Night,
The Silver Moon, her ſilent Courſe does run.

VI.

With ſcaly Shoals, at thy creating Word,
The teeming Waters next are ſtor'd.
Here the huge Whale his Paſtime finds,
The ſwift-finn'd Dolphins wanton play,
Now dive, now leap, now ſcud away.
Various their Forms, and numberleſs their Kinds.

VII.

Let there be feather'd Fowl, th' Almighty ſaid,
Legions of feather'd Fowl appear:
Some range the Groves: Some mount the Air,
Sure pois'd on Pinions firmly made;
Others as fearleſs quit the Shore,
Traverſe the limpid Stream, each Foot an Oar.

VIII.

Now let wild Beaſts, and gentler Cattle come
From the new Earth's prolifick Womb:
Their Mother ſhall provide 'em Food;
Reptiles and Inſects ſhall maintain:
For nothing made is made in vain.
Thus Thou created'ſt all, and all was good.

IX.

Let us make Man! (ſaid GOD) our Image ſhine
In his fair Form, and Life divine
Above the reſt this Creature raiſe.
Him let whatever lives obey,
That moves on Earth, in Air, or Sea.
Let him his Maker know, his Maker praiſe.

*The*

*The Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, There is no* GOD.

I.

DELUDED Atheiſt, only look
In fair created Nature's Book.
There from each Object, you diſcern
By keeneſt Senſes, wond'ring learn
The glorious Power of Heav'n's eternal King;
By whoſe Almighty *Fiat*, all
That fills this ſpacious Ball,
Or bounds it, did from fertile *Nothing* ſpring.

II.

Mingled in dark Confuſion lie
The jarring Seeds of Moiſt and Dry,
Of Hot and Cold, a ſhapeleſs Heap!
'Till, hov'ring o'er the wat'ry Deep,
The Spirit Form and Harmony beſtow'd.
To *Wiſdom*, not to *Atoms* hurl'd
By giddy *Chance*, the World
Its ſolid Strength, and matchleſs Beauty ow'd.

III.

Thy Works do in their very Frame
Thy Power, and Art divine, proclaim.

But

But we, Thy Ranſom'd, gracious LORD!
From Death and Sin, to Life reſtor'd,
In Songs triumphant praiſe Thee, and confeſs
(Since Love divine with Wiſdom join'd,
And Power to ſave Mankind)
The *Mercy* greater: not the *Wonder* leſs.

## *CHRISTMAS-DAY.*

I.

AWAKE, my Soul! and hail the Morn,
That uſhers in the glorious Day:
A Virgin travell'd; GOD is born;
To Royal *Bethlem* ſpeed thy Way.
Mounted on Contemplation's Silver Wing,
With Oraiſons adore the new-born King.

II.

Behold! the Stranger Star to Earth,
Proclaims the *Monarch*'s wondrous Birth.
Hark! Angels ſing the Birth-day Song;
Whilſt *Judah*'s echoing Hills rebound,
And Golden Harps the Symphony prolong,
Glad Shepherds liſten to the heav'nly Sound.

III. "Glory

III.

" Glory to God on High! (they ſing,)
" And Peace to happy Earth deſcend;
" To Man, from Heav'n's offended King;
" 'Twixt Men let angry Diſcord end."
The Prince of everlaſting Peace is born;
Good-will and Harmony his Reign adorn.

IV.

Where haſte ye? Tell me, gentle Swains,
And leave your fleecy Flocks behind,
Who bleating graze thoſe verdant Plains,
A *Shepherd* and a *Lamb* to find.
Believers are that *Shepherd*'s ſacred Fold;
That *Lamb* the Victim is, ſo long foretold.

## *A Midnight Thought in Sickneſs.*

I.

WHO knows the Horror and Deſpair,
Which in the dark unwholeſome Cell,
Of *Inquiſition*, Papal Hell,
The wretched Pris'ners bear;
If innocent himſelf, can only gueſs
What weighty Woes a guilty Soul oppreſs.

See

II.

See o'er the Waves the Gally ride!
A hundred Slaves inceſſant ſtrain,
Whoſe whip-gall'd Sides and rattling Chain
Proclaim their Tyrants' Pride.
Their pamper'd Tyrants, who vile Luſts obey,
Are faſter bound, are veryer Slaves than they.

III.

Ten thouſand Spots the Leopard mark,
Which Time itſelf cannot diſplace.
The ſable *Moor*, as Midnight dark,
Shall never change his Face.
But what's the ſable *Moor*, the ſpotted Brute,
To him, whoſe Soul invet'rate Sins pollute!

IV.

Ah! who the Weight of Guilt can eaſe?
Its Woe remove, O Lord, but Thee?
Sin's ſhackled Slave who can releaſe,
And ſet the Captive free?
O Gracious change, (for Thou can'ſt all Things do)
The Leopard's Spots, and *Ethiopian*'s Hue.

V.

Happy the Man, whoſe wand'ring Heart
Thou deigneſt to reclaim by Smart.

A Father's Fondneſs for a Son
Is in th' Affliction ſhewn.
I'll bleſs thy chaſt'ning Hand, whilſt Pain denies
Reſt to my Limbs, and Slumber to my Eyes.

VI.

My conſcious Heart, e'en ſunk with Fear,
Whene'er thou ſeem'ſt to hide thy Face,
Revives, when Mercy makes me hear
The ſweet Returns of Grace.
Then ſuch refreſhing Streams of Pleaſure flow,
As none but pardon'd Penitents can know.

VII.

So when black Storms the Sun o'ercaſt,
The Herds forſake the flow'ry Lawn;
The frighted Birds to Covert haſte,
'Till the dark Veil 's withdrawn.
His Beams more glorious for th' Eclipſe appear,
And Joy o'erſpreads the brightned Hemiſphere.

## *On the 30th of* January, 1734-5.

I.

BLeſt MARTYR! for whoſe Fate,
And our Forefathers Crimes, we weep,
And ſtill the ſad Memorial keep;
From bleſt Abodes could'ſt thou look down,
Thou would'ſt with Pity own
BRITANNIA's Suff'rings, as her Guilt, are great.
Twice Eight Hundred Years before,
Like thee, by his own Subjects try'd,
A Crown of Thorns thy MASTER bore:
The World's great Sov'reign as a Traytor dy'd.

II.

How was BRITANNIA toſt!
Forc'd for twelve diſmal Years t' engage
With adverſe Storms of civil Rage:
A Tempeſt by fell Furies ſent,
So long, ſo violent,
Her faithful Pilot and her Rudder loſt.
Some, to prevent the Wreck,
Fir'd with Diſdain and Pity, try'd.
Triumphant Rebels mann'd the Deck,
And, cruſh'd by Numbers, loyal Heroes dy'd.

III. How

III.

How glorious did ariſe
Th' auſpicious Day, that brought us Peace!
The Winds are huſh'd, and Tempeſts ceaſe:
Glad BRITONS hail their rightful Lord,
Their CHURCH with him reſtor'd.
The baſe Uſurper's Heir to Covert flies:
Safety to guilty State
Wiſely preferring, drops the Crown,
His Head unequal to the Weight;
And Royal CHARLES aſcends his Father's Throne.

IV.

Ah! too indulgent KING!
Forgiveneſs might to Thee belong;
Thoſe ne'er forgive, who do the Wrong.
*Faction* and *Schiſm*, like dull Clay,
Harden by the Sun's warm Ray.
The cheriſh'd Vipers hiſs, again would ſting.
Thy darling ABSALOM
Rebellion's dire Infection caught,
And madly to ſupplant Thee fought;
Yet fell not, but by his ſtern Uncle's Doom.

V.

Gloomy YORK aſſerts his Right,
And Locuſts ſwarm all o'er the Land.
Rough *Britons* lawleſs Force withſtand,
Urg'd by their Danger to endure
A *Revolution* Cure.
The Royal METEOR blaz'd, then vaniſh'd quite.
Illuſtrious GEORGE! from hence
Learn timely to beware of thoſe
Who importune thee to diſpenſe
With Laws, that guard thee from inteſtine Foes.

VI.

Will impious Men ne'er ceaſe
To trouble happy BRITAIN's Peace?
Inſulting Monarchs in their Urns!
Young mimick Regicides repeat
The Deed of *Forty Eight*,
And triumph in the Sin, their Country mourns.
O GUARDIAN of our Laws!
Aſſert thy Dignity and State:
Avenge on thoſe a Monarch's Cauſe,
Who Heav'n defy, and its Vicegerents hate.

## *In Martyrium* CAR. I. *Angliæ Regis.*

CAROLE, ſi ſentis fletus lachrymaſq; tuorum,
Noſtra quidem plus te quam tua damna movent.
Peccavere Patres; ſeros ea cura Nepotes
Tangit, & innocuis te periiſſe nocet.

*Thus tranſlated:*

CHARLES, if *Britannia*'s Tears to him are known,
Pities our Sufferings, and forgets his own.
His Royal Blood was by our Fathers ſpilt,
And we ſtill bear th' unexpiated Guilt.

## JEPHTHAH's *Vow.*

WHEN *Jephthah* came from *Iſrael*'s ſlaughter'd Foes,
To greet her Sire, his duteous Daughter goes.
Unhappy Congreſs! Too officious Haſte!
Thou know'ſt not, Fair One, what a Vow has paſt.
Too dearly was the fatal Conqueſt won,
By which the childleſs Conquerour's undone.
How his Soul labours with the dubious Strife,
Betwixt *Religion*, and a *Daughter*'s Life!
Forbear the Blow: Thy Vow will beſt be paid,
Not by a bleeding, but a ſpotleſs Maid.

*On reading K.* STANISLAUS*'s Letter to his Friends.*

WHEN the *Diſciple* duteous Zeal inſpir'd,
His loyal Heart with Indignation fir'd,
His keen-edg'd Sabre reſolute he drew,
And ſingle on th' inſulting Rabble flew.
*Sheath, ſheath thy Sword,* (his peaceful Maſter ſaid)
*Th' Almighty's Will muſt ever be obey'd.*
*Not armed Legions ſhall my Throne ſupport:*
*Thy Sov'reign is above an earthly Court.*

With *Staniſlaus* this great Exemplar ſway'd,
When to his brave unhappy Friends he ſaid:
*Conſult your Country's Peace, obey her Laws.*
*It is decreed—Your Prince gives up the Cauſe.*
Auguſtus *that you're Loyal muſt allow:*
*But what was* Duty *once, were* Faction *now.*
*Your Blood 's too dear a Purchaſe of a Crown;*
*Thoſe Arms for me you took, for me lay down.*

Illuſtrious PRINCE! without a Kingdom Great!
Ambition who renounce, and Tumults hate;
The World will own thy Royal Virtues fit
For better Sceptres than what thus you quit.
A Crown reſign'd will laſting Glory bring,
A ſuff'ring Hero 's greater than a King.

## *To the Memory of Mrs* MARY LUCK,
Who dy'd *March* 13. *A. D.* 1718. *Æt.* 38.

——*The riſing Day renews the Year,*
*A Day for ever ſad, for ever dear.*
Dryd. Virg. Æn. 5th.

LISTEN, ye fair Ones, to th' inſtructive Praiſe,
Which to the Dead a grateful Huſband pays.
Nor let the worthy Living be diſpleas'd;
None envy, for none flatter the Deceas'd.

By Nature ſhe was form'd each Senſe to treat,
As opening Roſes, Orange-Bloſſoms ſweet.
Strait as tall Cedars, as the Morning fair,
No harſh loud Accents diſcompos'd the Ear.
Her loving, faithful Heart employ'd her Tongue,
Her Speech harmonious, as the *Siren*'s Song.
Tender the Touch, delicious was the Lip,
As Flowers. when Bees their liquid Nectar ſip.

Exterior Objects ſhort-liv'd Joys diſpenſe:
Some faintly touch, and ſome oppreſs the Senſe.
Who marries only to oblige his Eye,
May, for a Wife, an uſeleſs Picture buy.
If Virtue and Diſcretion don't combine,
Women but Counters are, not current Coin.

Frowns criſp the Brow, Time furrows the ſmooth Face,
On which a-while you did ſo fondly gaze:
The Charmer 's gone, the Fool or Fury ſtays.

To

To a fair Form, both Grace and Nature join'd,
In her, the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Born to delight the happy Man ſhe lov'd;
Her Pleaſures ever were by his improv'd.
Beſt pleas'd, when pleaſing moſt; this was her Care:
Not *Sarah* more did her lov'd Lord revere.

Th' inſidious Whiſper did provoke her Hate,
That lurking Poiſon of the marry'd State,
No Scandal would ſhe hear, nor loud Debate.
Merit in others did with Pleaſure own;
Amongſt the worthieſt was a Foil to none.
She ask'd no Secret, nor, what known, reveal'd;
With her 'twas ſafe, as with a Signet ſeal'd.

With weak Impertinence would ne'er intrude
On ſilent Thought, and ſtudious Solitude.
Prudence and Bounty modell'd her Expence,
Her Table ſpread with frugal Elegance.
Her Friends ſhe treated, and the Poor reliev'd,
And their beſt Thanks in ardent Prayers receiv'd.

Be Wives, who Paſſion would not daſh nor cloy,
Fond with good Manners; modeſt, but not coy.
Would they for ever pleaſe? Let all they do,
From mutual Love, as well as Duty flow.
Compliance is to Power the wiſeſt Way,
Women have moſt Command, who beſt obey.

March 13*th*,
*A. D.* 1734.

# POEMATA
## QUÆDAM
# LATINA.

Auctore R. LUCK, A. M.

## *Ad* POSTHUMUM. †

——*Noſtri farrago Libelli.* Juv.

DE Te ſolicitus quid cenſet amiculus, etſi
Nemo Tibi melius Te, POSTHUME, conſulit, audi:
Si vacet, et lubeat, ſi lætus fœnore Nummos
Jam modico jubeat quamvis augere Senatus. *
Mundities menſæ ſimplex Tibi rure placebat,
Atque focus ſplendens, et non damnoſa ſuppellex.
Nunc eadem ſit mens, ea cura Salutis in Urbe,
Nec Stomachum ſtimulet caupona, ſed Aura ſalubris
Circi, matutina Fori vel jurgia, Judex
Stertit ubi, rumpit dum *Stentor* voce columnas.
Parta labore fames juvat, arte parata fatiſcit;
Deterit aſſidua ut ſubigit qui cote ſecurim:
Conductos laſſant ut Equos calcare Togati.
Ad lautam Magnis, magnus ſatis ipſe et amandus,
Tu cœnam quoties aderis conviva; valere
Si cupias, metues vitiatas tangere carnes,
Queis Cocus ingenuum nimia abſtulit arte ſaporem.——

† *This Gentleman was Born after his worthy Father's Death.*
* A. D. 1717. *When this was writ, the Parliament had reduced the Intereſt to* 5l. per Cent.

Magnorum quam ſit fallax aliquando Culina,
Exemplo, ni faſtidis audire, docebo.
Auguſtam noſti Villam placidoſque receſſus
Ruris, ubi fœlix MÆCENAS nobilis otii
Deliciis, Aulæ fruitur, quam deſpicit, iris.
Aulæ grande decus quondam, dum Diva regebat,
Par vel Avo pietate ſuo, felicior armis.
Nunc, Nymphis non Pane minus dilectus, *Alumni*
Egregii tutatur opes augetque relictas,
Excolit ingenium Muſis, et Moribus ornat.
Hanc adiit *Balatro*, gratus conviva, facetus
Sive movere jocos, ſeu reſpondere: Patrono
Qui ſæpe innocuo lenibat ſeria ludo.
Plebeos mores, curas, et gaudia novit,
Quid cupiant, doleantve; hinc riſum aut jurgia ceu vult
Excitat, et celeres animos rapit huc, rapit illuc.
Sed tibi notus homo: huic dudum quod contigit audi.
Tecta ſubit, Domino dicta acceptaque ſalute,
Ad notam properat latranti ventre culinam;
Jus ubi ſorbillans, ut cœnæ poſſet opimæ
Ferre moras, pro more cocum (cui pectus aceto
Perfuſum quoque) ſic agitat, cane pejus et urſa.
'Credo ſuburbanæ veneris reſtinguitur ignis
'Nondum, adeo fugitas uſum piperiſque ſaliſque.

Heus

" Heus! cave ſis, gelido quæ pendet ſtiria naſo,
" Ne cadat in patinam. ' Sed nares tu carioſas
' Emungis digitis, et polluis omnia tactu.
" Quæ te polluerat, cum primum huc (credo) * metallis
" Veniſti eductus, Phlegetonte et ſulphure tinctus?
' Ut mores mutavit honos! pauperculus olim,
' Sediſti ad Pontem eluvies ubi totius Urbis
' Volvitur in Thameſim, laganum ſartagine verſans
' Stridenti; felix obolo ſi vendere poſſes.
' Ludicra ſed quoniam voluit Fortuna jocari,
' Nunc audis Cocus, et magna dominare Culina.
" Scribebas quoties olim tu, ad ſcrinia frigens,
" Fragmina verborum, et voces in fine reciſas?
" Quas ideo curtas, quia totas ponere neſcis.
' Quam male junctarum diſcordia fragmina rerum
' Apponis Domino varia farragine! lumbos
' Semeſi leporis, galli femur, anſeris una
' Cum pedibus jecur, atque fugacis viſcera damæ,
' Cum vituli capite acciſi, vervecis et armo
' Elixas offas bovis, et de clunibus apri,
' Faſtidit grex ſervorum quodcunque ſuperbus.
' Forſan, quæ eſt hominis dementia (ſed prohibete,

* *From* Cornwall.

' Au-

' Aurigæ, ſcelus hoc) cultrum experietur equinis
' In coriis aliquando et fient lora Minutal.
Non tulit ulterius Cocus, ira atque ignibus ardens,
Torva tuens, madida meditatur prælia mappa.
Deriſor velox fugit hoſtem abdomine tardum.
Elapſum dolet ille, et rauco murmure fatur.
" I, ſane, quo dignus abi: veniſſe pigebit,
" Improbe; ſic moniti cultrum experiemur et artem,
" Atque tibi, *Balatro*, fient tua lora Minutal.
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis exit
Ad ſtabulum; Balatronis ubi pendebat ab unco
Frænum, pene recens, et adhuc fulgens Orichalco;
Quale tui Artifices cudunt, *Rippona*, caballis.
Aufert Lora Cocus clam levia, candida, lata,
Qualia Amatores manibus contingere gaudent,
*Mævia* cum, juvenum turba comitante, virago,
Inſequitur lepores, truditve in retia cervum.
Secta domat triduum totum ferventibus undis.
Oſtrea, Lucrinis quæ certent, ovaque ſucci
Eximii, accedit gallinæ filius albæ,
Fruſtula conditæque thymo redolentia carnis;
Quæ cuncta exacta miſcet ratione ſaporum:
Diſcipulum dicas Catii, Aufidiique miniſtrum.
Eois tum nata jugis dat aromata, merces

*Belgia* quas vendit ſtolidis aſtuta *Britannis*,
Qui melius poterant propriis afferre carinis.
Hæc cruſto includit demum perfecta ſubacti
Pollinis, et dulci perfundit piſta Falerno.
In menſa dubiæ flagrant obſonia cœnæ:
Præ cunctis has nare dapes perſentit odora,
Et *Balatro* unus edit; repetitæ ſæpe placebant.
Mox Cocus exclamat (nam ſtabat ad oſtia ridens
Fraudibus) " Heus! ipſas etiam conſumis habenas?
" Parce, puer, ſtimulis, et, ſi potes, utere Loris.
" Intus habes." Ridere omnes. *Balatro* ſed, adeſo
Ceu nato Tereus, immane furit; modo pallet,
Ut Luna, occiduo modo Sole magis rubet ira.
Nec mora, nec requies Stomacho; quin egerit omnes
Ore cibos, Lora exoſus, cœnamque, Cocumque.

## *Utram harum mavis accipe.*

TORPENS ignavo prorepit corpore Macra.
Perſtrepit arguta voce Puſilla domum.
Pulchra Chloë concinna parum. Nigrina ſuperbit.
Nulla caret vitio Forma Colorve ſuo.

## *The Bright* GOD *of* DAY, *&c.*

SPLENDIDUS currum Heſperias ad undas
Phœbus ornatum radiis agebat,
Dulce cum pingit modico rubore
Veſper Olympum.
Cum levis Procne vacuis in agris
It, redit, ludens rapido volatu:
Seque per terras duplicata rerum
Porrigit Umbra.
*Cælia* in grato reſidens receſſu
Quam prope halavit faba flore multo, et
Recreans auras Zephyrus tepentes
Sparſit odores.
*Cælia* haud tuto aſpicienda cuiquam,
Mulſit arbuſtum penitus canendo,
Mollibus chordas digitis pererrans,
Docta modorum.
Dum *Specus* cantat *Roſeos*, fideſque
Perſonant tactæ, modulante Nympha;
Auribus Captæ volucres in omni
Arbore ſidunt.

Quin

Quin apes, flavi memores laboris
Dum domum ſuaves referunt odores,
Melos argutum bene temperantes,
Murmura miſcent.
Venit allabens Zephyris Cupido;
Hæc ciet chordas leviter trementes:
Hic, modum ſervans, humeros reductis
Verberat alis;
Proximis Echo latitans ſub Antris,
Audit, & Divûm placidas ad aures,
*Cæliæ* totos iterare cantus
Fida, remittit.
Cautus abſcedat procul hinc, Amoris
Qui graves curas timet experiri;
Vulnera intentat geminata Formæ
Muſica juncta.
Ah! miſer, fruſtra metuens pericli
Lucidos Nymphæ fugitas ocellos:
*Cæliam* dulce audieris canentem,
Voce peribis.

*—Ut cautus eſt, ubi nihil opus eſt!* Ter.

CRISPUS ſe juvenem, patrias aucturus opellas,
Vendit in amplexus ambitioſus Anûs.
Vix tandem illa Virum cumulatum morte relinquit.
Felicem thalamis jam licet eſſe novis.
Scilicet hoc, *Criſpi* duros miſerata dolores,
Promiſit viduos *Flavia* queſta toros.
Eja! age, quid ceſſas? —" In me mora non erit ulla:
" *Flavia* ſed poſcat, ſi velit eſſe meam.
" Sum dives, Regi charus, me judice nunquam
" Impune admittit ruſtica turba nefas.
In *Pyrrhâ* ſpretus mox hæret Virgine; tecta
Paulum diſtat enim culpa pudicitiæ. *
Nupta metum ſimulat. Sapiens ſibi præparat ille
Sandapilam, certus vincere, ſive mori.
Non opus impensâ ſane. Vice fungitur ipſa
Sandapilæ ſponſo juncta puella ſeni!

* *The young Lady had by chance a By-blow.*

—*Honos*

—*Honos erit huic quoque pomo.* Virg.

OSTENDUNT ubi nunc nudos vacua Atria muros,
Hic Arbor nuper floruit, una nemus.
Vere novo florum bicolor ſplendebat honore,
Quot vel *Pæſtanum* Flora coronat agrum.
Autumnoque (adeo favit Pomona) rubebat
Tot pomis, flores quot tulit illa prius.
Hâc plures menſæ ſuffecit nulla placentas,
Nec latices gratos pluribus ulla cadis.
Cum carne et cæpâ ſuaves miſcebat odores:
*Dæmonii* inventum, deliciaſque coci!
Fertilis illa quidem, at nimium vicina feneſtræ,
Et denſa obſcurum reddidit umbra diem.
Sic durus voluit Dominus, qui dulcia pulchris
Poſthabuit, ferro concidit icta gravi.
Proxima labentis tremuerunt tecta fragore,
In fontem attonitis, Tave, recurris aquis,
Suſque puerque unà recubans ſub tegmine Mali,
Prandebant dulces poma caduca dapes.

Huc

Huc pluviâ fugit quoties urgente Viator!
Ah! quoties ramis vos ceciniſtis, Aves.
Ergo Te meritò, totius gloria pagi,
Lugent Sus, Puerûm turba, Viator, Aves.
Accipite, O veſtri luctûs ſolatia, Fructus,
Jam pars facta Molæ, quos dedit ipſa premit.

*This celebrated* Apple-Tree *was cut down by Mr.* L. H. *growing in the Vicarage Court at* Tawton Eps; *and part of its Limbs were converted to the Service of a Cyder-Mill; by way of Atonement to* Pomona *its Patroneſs.*

# BOUTS RIMEZ.

*An Extempore Tranſlation from the* Engliſh, *ſaid to be writ by the Honourable Sir* W. Y——ge, *Bart.*

OSCULA figamus cupidi: cum Paſſere Turtur
Nos doceant, Cypriæ qui placuere Deæ.
Tardus Adamus erat ſolus: cum traditur Eva,
Inventus ſubitò muneris uſus erat.
Carmine non ſtupidas effuderat ille querelas:
Gaudia, ſed præſens quæ dedit hora, rapit.
Corripuit Sponſam, rectæ non inſcius anſæ.
Tædam, Phœbe, dabas; præbuit herba torum.
Illic quid facerent ecquid dubitatis, amantes?
Nec pudor huic obſtat, nec timor, Eva, tibi.

*Ad Honorabilem Virum*, H. R. *Arm.*

*——Regnum, et diadema tutum*
*Deferas uni, propriamque Laurum,*
*Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto*
*Spectat acervos.*

MAgnas temnere opes prope res est, credite, Amici,
Unica, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Præcipuè Liber, qui nil cupit, atque repulsæ
Securus nescit fastidia ferre potentum,
Qui donare queant, quæ non natura requirit.
Non hunc splendenti Regina Pecunia curru
Captivum imperiosa trahit. Donare pudicum
Se Patriæ civem studiosus, cætera mandat
Fortunæ: Gratus sanè laudare manentem,
Nec tristis fugiente: Sibi submittere doctus
Res fruitur vitæ felix quocunque colore.
Mane Salutator non sedulus obsidet Orbos,
Officio arrepens humili, scelerumve minister.
Nam qui divitiis inhiat, nil turpe recusat:
Est huic, est animus Recti contemptor, emique
Qui Virtute putet bene, quod sic splendeat, Aurum.
Diis venerabilior Patronus jusserit, ibit
In scelus omne. Placet Virgo vix nubilis annis?
Traditur ipsa sui manibus patris Iphigenia. Si

Si neget illa pudens, inſtat precibuſque miniſque
Leno parens; (adeò concordia rara Pudori
Eſt & Avaritiæ:) —— ‘Tanton’ pugnabis amanti?
‘Quem cuperet ſapiens ultro ſibi, læta rogari.
‘Nequicquam ſanè pulchra, ambitione remota.
‘Gloria ſi te nulla movet; quin reſpice Patrem,
‘Quem non parva manet tam pulchræ gratia prolis.
‘Ædilis nam quis? Quæſtor quis? Scriba? Tribunus?
‘Filia nempe domi cui ſit, vel ſponſa, ſororve
‘Egregia: Ad magnos Formâ nunc itur honores.
‘Ruſtica, ne tua ſit virtus damnoſa duobus.
Parva queror, dum ſic virtus perit unius atque
Fama domûs, nec-dum peſtis permanat ad omnes.
Quid, ſi corripitur ſimili ſacra Curia morbo?
Heu Patria! heu Pietas! heu Virtus priſca, Fideſque!
Venales Patriam tradunt; Legionibus Urbes
Pacatas frænare monent, terrere Quirites.
Libertas quibus eſt vitâ & pretioſior auro,
Invenies raros: Ut multum, forte ducentos.
Compilat ſocios Verres? Lenire Tribunal
Muneribus blandus ſcit: nempe Foro utier hoc eſt.
Improba ſic Vulpes, ingenti cæde peractâ
Altilium, caudam laqueo deprenſa, reciſâ
Parte fugit, prædâ damnum mediocre rependens.

Mitto

Mitto malas artes hominum, mendacia, fraudes
Istorum, quos urget amor sceleratus habendi.
Attento usque novis opibus, præsentibus uti
Non vacat: Urget opus, dum præ lucro omnia sordent.
Annonam hinc avidi vilem metuere Coloni:
Pacem, qui magnis Legionibus imperitârunt:
Litem odit Matho compositam, vacuumque Tribunal:
Florentemque genam Archigenes annumque salubrem.

Non minor anxietas, quam quærere, parta tueri.
Visceribus terræ quanto molimine servi
Effodiuntur opes! curâ majore miselli
Servantur Domini: Labor est utrique molestus:
Sponte tamen miser hic; operam facit ille coactus.

Prædia visurus Phidon procul urbe remota,
Piscículos obolis emit sibi mane duobus,
Queis acrem dederat fumosa culina saporem,
In cœnam. Hospitiis nam magno obsonia constant.
Pervenit sub nocte domum, quâ Pandochus illum
Torpentem dextrâque levat, blandeque salutat.
'Pinguis et alba tibi Gallina affabitur, ovis
'Plena suis, et quam, pro torque, tomacula cingent.
'Quo lubet interea vino tergere palatum?
Ingemit hic, (nam sedulitatem odit pretiosam)

'Non tanti esurio: satis est cum pane sinapis.
'Cœna leves somnos brevis efficit. Hoc mihi curæ est,
'Automedon bene curet equos, et stramine multo
'Extendat rugas ocreis, thalamoque reponat.
Jussa viri expediunt. Dum Pandochus Automedonque
Eximiè cœnant, torrebat stramine Phidon
Pisciculos, Cocus ipse suus. Sed mane coactus,
Bis denas numerat drachmas. Quis talia fando
Temperat a lachrymis? —— Jejunus et amens
Poscit equos —— Valeas (inquit jam caupo) reversus.
Lautius hic poteris multo cœnare minoris.

*An frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora? Affirm.*

CHrysophilus papulis ardens, abdomine turgens,
Dum gemit, Archigenes ægro et Iapis adest.
Eluit hic alvum; cultris ille ulcera cædit:
Hic phialis Orcum ludit, et ille manu.
Ecce! iterum ægrotat. Quid agat? Nam pendula mens est,
Num satius pretium solvere, sive mori.
Canidia exiguo spondet removere dolores,
Præstitit et decimâ sedula luce fidem.
Quem medici duo vix sanârunt millibus ægrum,
Confecit drachmis una duabus anus.

## ÆNIGMA.

DULCE Nil! cui dant animos Lyæus,
Saccharum, Lactis niveiq; Flores:
Spumeum turges, agitante Lydes
Verbere crebro.
Tantalum ludunt Latices hiantem,
Seque prenſuro eripuere poma.
Dulce Nil! tali ſitientis ora
Decipis hauſtu.
Obtulit Phyllis, nimium jocoſa,
Oſculum; ſed mî cupido retraxit.
Dulce Nil! qui te voluit potiri,
Luditur umbrâ.
Aulicos quiſquam officioſus ambit?
Magna Spondentes vacuum remittunt.
Dulce Nil! Tu ludificare amantes,
Grande profeſſum.

## EPIGRAMMA,

*Januæ Carceris novi apud Bodmynenſes affixum.*

PLAUDAT magnifico felix Bodmyna Patrono;
Ne Carcer deſit civibus, ipſe dedit.
*A. D.* 1698.

*——Heu! quantâ de ſpe excidi?* Ter.

*——Corvum deluſit hiantem.* Hor.

SÆPE mihi conjux languens queriturque gemitque:
'Inſtat mors Sponſæ pallida, *Bille*, tuæ.
Indolui. Sed mox ſedato corde repreſſi
Fletus, fata memor corrigere eſſe nefas.
Me compono malis rectâ ratione ferendis;
Et certum eſt, Superi quod voluere, pati.
Non temere ingentis fuerat præſaga mali mens.
Heu! morbi infelix exitus! Illa—valet.

*Merito amittit proprium aliena qui appetit.*
Phæd.

EST tibi, *Trulla*, inquit jam grandi *Gellia* natæ
Virginitas triplex, noſtra, paterna, tua.
Caſtorum virtus maneat pro dote parentum,
Serveturque Domûs intemeratus honos.
Audiit hæc *Corydon* jactantem ſæpe puellam,
Atque ait, O triplici Virginitate potens,
Adde meam numero: Fies vel Pallade major,
Et cedet famæ caſta Diana tuæ.
Annuit, accepit. Decimæ tamen ordine Lunæ
Fit mater; Virgo dum nimis eſſe cupit.

*——Quoſlibet*

——— *Quoſlibet occupat artus*
*Spiritus, éque feris humana in corpora tranſit,*
*Inque feras noſter* ——— Ovid. Metam.

IN nova migrantes animas ego dicere vellem
Corpora, pro libitu in ſedes rediiſſe relictas;
Deficiant in tanta Senem in carmina vires.
*Bracmani* memores, Artis miracula veſtræ
Pandite, Diſcipulis *Samii* diſcenda Magiſtri.
*Abdalla* et *Beroë*, Regum pulcherrimus alter,
Altera, quas habuit Perſis, prælata Puellis,
Ex æquo ardebant, tædæ quoque jure coïbant,
Felices ambo; donec deceperat omnes,
Te præter, Regina, *Sinon*, qui Te ſuper omnes
Decepiſſe velit, pietatis imagine falsâ.
Torvus, acerba tuens, acres rotat undique ocellos,
Aſpera vox, naſus ſuſpendens omnia, velox
Ingenium, in dubiis vis et ſolertia rebus.
Procerus, validus, ſparſus jam tempora canis.
Hic *Beroës* cæco jamdudum carpitur igni,
Vulnus alens venis: plus hanc Diademate Regi
Invidet ingratus, lectumque affectat eündem.

Languentes oculi, ſuſpiria, pulſaque palmis
Pectora, ſedulitaſque dabant manifeſta furoris
Indicia audacis; *Beroë* quem ſenſit et odit.
Oblatas verſutus opes, neglexit honores,
*Abdallæ* charus, nec cuiquam inviſus in Aulâ.

Eoïs Aurora jugis, prænuntia Solis,
Immiſit roſeam lucem; reducemque ſalutant
Dulci voce Diem volucres, balatibus agni.
*Abdalla* inſignem phaleris, comitante *Sinone*,
Scandit equum, lævo pharetram ſuſpenderat auream
Ex humero, Lycium criſpans, ceu Cynthius, arcum
Dextrâ: animus ſed adeſt cunctis præſtantior armis.
Ad ſaltus tendunt et devia luſtra ferarum.
Protinus e dumis maculoſo vellere Dama
Emicat; aptatam nervo impiger ille ſagittam
Mittit, et horrificum Sonitum dat letifer Arcus.
It ſtridens, terebratque latus lethalis arundo,
Purpureumque feræ penitus bibit acta cruorem;
Concidit, et molli tremebunda extenditur herbâ.

Hinc Tibi fraus omnis! grates, miſerande, Dianæ
Victor agis: Damam ſpectas, ſpectabere Dama.
Lætâ fronte comes fallax cui talibus inſit:

Oſtendis

Oſtendis, bone Rex, junctam cum viribus artem,
Vi'n' Tibi majores vires majoris et artis
Oſtendam? majora fide tibi, ſpondeo, Princeps.
Vivere nempe feram, me, versâ ſorte, cadaver
Cernes—verba fides ſequitur: Mens juſſa loquentis
Exuit humanos artus, animatque ferinos.
Jam Dama exultim ludens, et blandula Regem
Accedit, lambitque manus, quibus ante cadebat.

Attonitus novitate rei, metuenſque Sodali
Rex ſtetit: in proprios remeavit Spiritus artus.
Mutatas *Abdalla* vices hominiſque feræque
Miratur gaudetque—*Sinon*, quo numine fretus
[Namque artem ſuperant] facis hæc? celabis Amicum?
Prodigiis dubium torquebis durus? at ille
Sæpius inſtantem differt, acuitque negando.

Vix tandem, velut invitus, ſuſpiria ficto
Corde ciet: duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas
Atque oculos—Tu Bracmanûm ſanctiſſime, dixit,
Da veniam, tua ſi commiſſa arcana recludam.
Infandum, O *Abdalla*, jubes renovare dolorem.
Patruus infantem exſectum de matre peremptâ,
Inſigni pietate Seni me tradit alendum,

Qui

Qui me Derviſos jam tum tenditque fovetque
Annumerandum inter, myſteria ſacra Deorum
Edoctum——Tandem propriumred iturus ad aſtrum,
Ut Phœnix, flammis, vates ſibi montibus altis
Inſtituit de more pyram——Tunc, fide Miniſter,
Eſto maximi (ait) jam tu mihi muneris hæres.
In quodcunque velis animam tranſmittere corpus
Ut poſſis, memor hæc, non enarranda ni in aurem,
Verba tene, æternum tacito ſub pectore ſervans:
Juratus didici, quæ nunc tu ſcire laboras.

Fare (ait impatiens Rex) tutæ creditur auri—
Exponit—Dubius, verbiſne potentia tanta eſt?
(Rex ſecum) Experiar: nam quid tentare nocebit?

Hoc erat in votis, hoc tota mente petebat
Graſſator——Propriâ ſed Tu, Rex, pelle maneres.
Hora venit, verba hæc cum magno optaveris emptum
Non audita Tibi, nec te valuiſſe rogando.
Heu! novitatis amor mortalia pectora quantum
Urget in exitium! Fera fit, qui Sceptra gerebat
Patria, ſponte ſuâ exanimus procumbit humi Rex.

Dum

Dum levis hæc curſu ſpatioſo ludit in arvo;
Ille dolum meditans, arrepto tempore, corpus
Occupat, indignum inceſtus quod ſpiritus iſte
Intus agat. Mortem cui telo infenſus acuto
Intentat: Damâ volat ocior, ocior Euro.
Non agitur res parva; fugax *Abdalla* ſalutem;
Cæde *Sinon* regnumque petit veritoſque Hymenæos.
Vectus equo, armatus, pennisque adjutus amoris
Viciſſet laſſum; miſerati eludere denſis
Ni Fauni innocuum ſylvis Dryadeſque dediſſent.
Sic, cum radit iter liquidum per nubila tranans
Accipiter, quærens pullis immitibus eſcam,
Speluncâ procul errantem ſi fortè columbam
Vidit; uterque alis, hic ſpe celer, illa timore,
Concuſſis fertur: Venientem a vertice velox
Illâ videns, gyris, ne ſit ſuus impetus hoſti
Decipit, in nido donec ſe condidit arcto.
Jamque redit victor. Succeſſu fraudis ovantem,
Amplexu molli *Beroë* Regina recepit,
Pro ſponſo mœchum, Cives pro Rege tyrannum.
*Derviſum* famuli referunt exangue cadaver;
Setoſi percuſſum apri quem fulmine fingit,
Triſtia fletque *Sinon* ſimulator fata *Sinonis*.
Ille quidem vocem et corpus regale gerebat;

Sed

Sed ſine mente gerit. Quantum mutatus ab illo
*Abdalla*, quem junxit Hymen, quem pronuba Juno!
Diſſimilem arguerant Luxuſque, et ſpurca Libido,
Et faſtus, quo turget inops, cum ſurgit in altum.

Interea Regem mutata ſorte dolentem
Sceptri raptus honos, pietaſque fideſque ſuorum;
Præcipue tangit violati injuria lecti.
Jamque metus augent luctum. Mandata Tyrannus
Ediderat Damas late per regna necandas.
Quotidie periiſſe videt: Se ſtrage petitum
Senſerat. Heu! quid agat dubitat. Philomela perempta
Forte cadit, monuitque feræ præferre volucrem.

Ergo novis properans ad celſa Palatia pennis
Avolat, et Thalami notis viſenda feneſtris
Aſſidet, et raptos cantu ſolatur amores.
Conticuere omnes vocis dulcedine capti.
Præcipue miratur avem Regina, ſuamque
Eſſe cupit. Prædam famuli cepere volentem.
Non opus huic clauſtris: gaudet, Dominamque ſalutat,
Oſcula dat manibus quoties porrexerat eſcam.
Uſque adeo in dirum pennis roſtroque *Sinonem*
Sæviit, ut poſſit jam non Philomela videri.

Præter avem, fuerat Dominæ dilecta catella:
Abstulit hanc gravidam partus dolor. Amite ab alto
Corruit in præceps ales. Jactura querelas
Extorquet *Beroë*, lachrymæque per ora fluebant.
Ipse *Sinon* jam non potuit perferre dolorem
Pallentesque genas Reginæ: & spondet amoris
Atque artis specimen. Regales deserit artus
Spiritus, & vitam volucri cantusque remittit.
Dumque ea mirantur; justa Rex concitus ira,
Ex Cane, qua latuit paulum, in sua membra reversus
Surgit, avem manibus trepidantem morte futura
Corripit, & tenera caput a cervice revellit.
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub—umbris.

## *Pol me occidistis, amici.*

POrcius, auriculis collecta sorde, remansit
Conjugis horrisono tutus ab ore diu.
Tranquillæ impatiens vitæ petit ille Philotam,
Quo citius Surdis non feret alter opem.
Protinus, accepta modica mercede, valescit:
Et mox purgatum personat Ægla caput.
O medice, exclamat, linguam compesce tonantem;
Auriculis morbum vel, bone, redde suum.

## *Ad Rev. Doctissimumque Virum,* Lud. Stephens.

PIngue, quod dextra expediit Saporum
Callidæ Sponsæ officiosa donum
Accipis gratus. Tibi quale tandem
Mittet Amicus?
Pingue nimirum, Tibi sed ferendum.
Namque desuetam residemque Musam,
Indole atque annis animosus Ipse in
Carmina poscis.
Debilem qualis moriturus hastam
Torsit in Pyrrhum Priamus ferocem,
Carmen urgenti Tibi nunc remitto,
Viribus impar.
Fertiles nec mi dedit Ilithyia
Conjuges, dicens satis esse pulchras;
Divitem sed nec patrio creata
Vertice venam.
Lusimus si quod, recitante Amico
Audiit lætus *Pater ille*, nobis †
Cujus, heu! desiderium nec ulla
Terminet Ætas;

† *Dominus* Jon. Trelawney *Episc. Winton.*

Alta Wolfæi monumenta magni
Dum manent: pulchrum nihil eſt daturus,
Cujus et nonum trepidavit ætas
Claudere luſtrum.
Macerat me (nam quid agam requiris)
Per dies Senos repetita Crambe;
Deteror fruſtra exacuendo plumbum,
Cotis ad inſtar.
Septimus Titan quoties reluxit,
Tædia ingrati relevans laboris,
Cautus haud acri petò prædicator
Rura caballo.
Quæ dies tandem dabit hiſce finem?
Perferam: nec me, Tibi quæ renidet
Fauſtitas, unquam ſinet eſſe paulum,
Chare, beatum.
Otio dum Tu fueris receſſus,
Id caves ne Te fugiat, quod uſquam eſt
Cognitum: ſecurus opum, moleſti immunis Amoris.
Ergo præſentis trutina labores
Penſitas ævi, aut veterum revolvens,
Seriis laſſus, joculare ſcribis
Carmen Amicis.

Cum Tibi Sancto vacat a Patrono,
Quem colis magno meritoque Amore,
Viſis antiquam memor uſque Matrem
Charus Alumnus. †
Convenis illic lepidus Magiſtros,
Quos Sibi vellent pueri Deorum.
Temperant vobis Charites Lyæum
Mercuriuſque.
Mole quam pulchra Thalamum futuris *
Surgere et ſcenis decora alta cernes!
Jam locum Pomona parat Togatæ
Æqua Juventæ.
Hinc licet carpant placidas quotannis
Aureos Muſæ totidem novenæ
Surculos: arbor ſimili metallo
Regia frondet.
Floreat ſemper, precor, alma Mater,
Quæ dedit Regi modo *Carteretum*, ‖
Regibus ſæpe egregios datura,
Regibus Aucta.
Hæc ſed *Alſopus*——modulanda nervis
Dum ſequor plura, increpuit, Lyramque
Excutit *Lesbis* (quid enim!) impotenti i-
rata Puella.

Qui

† *Schol. Regiam Weſtmonaſt.* * *Dormitorium jam tum in Pomario inſtit.* ‖ *Egregius ille Vir et vere Nobilis, in Schola hac eruditus.*

## *Qui timide rogat docet negare.*

FLavia cum facilis victoria ceſſit *Amyntæ*,
Sic mœſto *Corydon* pectore queſtus ait.
Rivali ergo meo nubis, male fida Puella?
Judice te, *Corydon* anteferendus eram.
Illa refert; ſapiens peteret te Virgo pudicum:
Huic, audax adeo eſt, nulla negare poteſt.

## *Ad Hon. Virum D.* JOHANNEM CHICHESTER, *Bar. de* Youlſton.

NON, quod in noſtris Eques ortus agris
Te magis nemo generoſus extat,
Læta vel quod Te Dominum ſalutat
Turba Clientum,
Te colit quiſquam Sapiens amatque:
Ingeni ſed vis, bone, Te FIDESQUE *
FIRMA, quæ exornat Titulos tuæque Inſignia ſtirpis,
Te Viris charum faciunt; pudicis
Matribus pulchræ pia cura ſtolis.
Si roges; matrem fieri recuſet
Sana puella?

Accipe

* *The Motto of his Arms.*

Accipe, (arrident Tibi dona vatum)
Quæ, pedem vinctus teneris utrumque
Faſciis, heu! vix operoſa frendens
Carmina fingo.
Nempe tormentum ingenio Podagra
Admovet duro: Philomela qualis
Dicitur dulces ſtimulata cantus
Nocte ciere.
Ipſe, non ignare mali, miſello
Candidus pande, expediit moleſti
Te laborantem per acuta morbi
Quæ medicina?
Quas dedit normas *Opifex* ſalutis
*Iſcius**? cujus Libitina nomen
Horret, invito & male quot capeſſunt
Pharmaca Phœbo.
Arte qua docti teneant novantem,
Morbe, te vultus toties? Sequentes
Semper eludes, aliuſque, & idem,
Unus, & omnes?
Te vocant, quicquid nequeunt mederi.
Tu latus pungis, caput, atque lumbos.
Rebus interdum ſpecioſa fœdis
Nomina præbes.

Crapula

* *Dr.* Williams, *Exon.*

Crapula ſi cui Stomachus relanguet ;
Oſſibus ſerpit Venus aut maligna ;
Ille, cur pallet rogites, reponit,
Nempe Podagrâ ?
Heu miſer ! quemcunque pudet malorum.
Nulla ſi noſtrum movet Ars ; feremus
Ut decet fortes. Dolor ille prodeſt,
Qui ſciat uti.
Molle pulvinar reduci paretur.
Tædium fallant ſoliti lepores.
Nec verecundo ſociare Nymphas
Parce Lyæo.
Nunc equum curſu validus fatigas,
Vel domi clauſus, juvenes ſeneſque
Quid juvet quærens ſapis, & revolvis
Scripta priorum.
Sæpe vis *Cyro* comes ire ; luctus
Teque *Caſſandana* monet nefandi,
Nulla viventi prior ! Heu ! ſepultæ
Ecqua Secunda ?

## *Ad Eundem.*

HOC vitium eſt fateor veſtro, bone *Piſo*, *Podargo*,
Ut ſanus nunquam membranam & ſcrinia poſcat.
Aut ſi adeo—tamen invita craſſaque Minerva,
Diſperdat miſerum, nec dignum carmen Amicis.
Inſanus nunquam deſiſtat ſcribere (fas ſit
Dicere) quæ nolis temere damnare placentis.

Cur nunc, forte roges, ſalis expers atque doloris
Sollicito reſidem deſueta in carmina Muſam?
Ut ſibi nempe placet vates qui ſurgit in *Altum*,
Non minimum eſſe puto laudis deſcendere in *Imum*.

Fautores habuit *Drydenus*, *Mimus* habet nunc,
Dignus uterque ſuis; meruit ſed diſpare vena.
Namque feret ſapiens mediocrem nemo Poetam.
Ut vinum, ingenium eſt; quod laudat Apicius æque,
Vel cum potanti ſibi tergat forte palatum;
Vel cum corruptum piſces perfundat oluſve.

Ut variis poſſit convivis cœna placere,
Fercula multa Catus componit, quin etiam unam
Rem didicit variare, Coci qui nomine dignus,

Sunt

Sunt quaſi convivæ Lectores. quod placet illi,
Diſplicet huic; amat hic, quod acutior improbat alter.

*Infantes* cantat *cæſos*, *Patruumque cruentum*,
Corpora *Aves* foliis condentes parva caducis
Nutrix, dum motat cunabula, fletque canendo,
Uſque adeo carmen pariter delectat et angit.

Humanæ puer edidicit qui elementa loquelæ
Nocturnos Lemures, horrendaque facta Sagarum
Territat ancillas recitans, teneraſque Sorores.

*Propria quæ maribus——Genus aut variantia flexum*
Cum recitare poteſt, non indignante Magiſtro;
Mox legit *Heroas* Monachorum ſomnia captos,
Quos premit horrificum cuſtodia dira *Gigantum*:
*Lampada perpetuam*, clauſamque *Dracone Puellam*.

Virgo genis pallens, ſoleas et lintea rodens,
Poſcit mœſta Elegos, et amaros luget amores,
Pendenteſque canit Nymphas, aut flumine merſas.

Cantat *Io Baeche*— *Latitat Vulpecula dumis*——
Ruſticus, et rumpit fumoſam voce popinam:
Reſpondet numeris orichalco Tibia vincta,
Murmurat et Follis cubiti molimine preſſus.
Moroſis Satiræ, gravibuſque Tragedia cordi:
Grandiloquo *Soccum* præfers, Gelaſine, *Cothurno*.

Quam diverſa petunt omnes! tamen omnibus unus
Quis dabit? heu! Vates non omnia poſſumus omnes.
Dote tua contentus abi, qui ſcribere geſtis.
Phœbus Epos dederat *Blacmoro* arteſque Salubres.
*Durfæo* cantus hilares nugaſque ſonoras.
Natales celebrare tibi, *Cybberia* proles.
Immunem non immemorem tetigere dolores,
*Piſo*, tui. Nec mi fas eſt obrepere ſomnum
Longa in nocte, Tibi quem dira Podagra negavit.
Ergo ſoporiferum (raro hæc Medicina fefellit)
Experior Carmen: mea ſcit lullare Camœna.
Dormitans ſcribo: lege, dormitabis et Ipſe.
Mane moras rumpens fuge lectum, poſce quadrigas,
I, quo dignus amor jam Te vocat; I pede fauſto,
Et ſano. Podagram, quam fecerit, Ipſa fovebit.

## From HUDIBRAS.

SIc cum Lite duo certant, Cane pejus et Urſo,
Ne citius laſſi compoſta pace quieſcant,
Ardentes retrahunt, lites augentque morando
Caufidici, donec vires renoventur: at inde
Integrant bellum, et raucis clamoribus urgent,

*Erudi-*

Eruditiſſimo viro, *Gulielmo Carſwel*, ὑγιαίνειν.

*Audivi Te, Vir chariſſime, febri laborare ex frigore contracta. Ne valeam ipſe, ni Te non valere doleam. Prolixa tamen importunitate nolo peccare; ne hoc etiam ad morbum —— Accipias, rogo, qua noſtra ſoles benevolentia, Oden hanc, qualem qualem, Tibi tuoque Medico dicatam--- Quis ſcripſerit, etſi nullus dixero, facile dignoſces. Revaleſcas, Deum oro, & ſanus ad nos redeas, qualem dudum Te vidimus.*

18. *Kal. Apr. A. C.* 1734.

URbiſne fumus Te et ſtrepitus, bone,
Morbo fatigatum implicuit gravi?
Curæve torquent nos inanes,
Eſtque metu levius periclum?
Virtuſne nondum Corticis Indici
Æſtum coercet ſanguinis efficax;
Febriſque doctam ludit artem, et
Serpit adhuc latitans per artus?
Bathonienſes nil latices juvant?
Nil aura Circi; aut ſuavis odoribus †
Qui ſpirat Hortus mille, *Prolem*
Egregiam recreans GEORGII?
Defende cautus frigora: nec, quia
Lætaris ævi cœlibis otio,
Uſuque menſæ temperato,
Inſita vis Tibi promovetur,
Speres

† Hyde *Park, and* Kenſington *Gardens.*

Speres viarum tædia perpeti,
Qualis juventæ flore superbiens,
Ergo revisas rura curru;
Sole Ityos revocante matrem.

Cedamus annis. Nempe fovet senem
Me Sponsa, qualis Pelea Nereis.
Jam lentiorem sentit Æthon †.
Castoreo potior caballo.

Charum, Salutis nobilis Artifex,
Debes Amicum qui Tibi creditum,
Hic prome vires, languidumque
Expedias per acuta morbi.

Sic fama Terras pervolitet tua,
Quot Ille vidit, nec vice simplici,
Qualem creavit Maja, doctus
Nobilium Comes atque Custos.

At nos Amico munera Carminis,
Grati recepto, (ne Tibi sordeant)
Votiva solvemus. Patronus
Vatibus & Medicis Apollo.

† *Old* Dun, *an excellent Horse.*

*Rev.*

*Rev. Ornatiſſimoque Viro*, T. MORRISON, *S.*

ABſenti quia non vidiſſe licebat Amicum,
Nec ſingultanti dicere voce, *Vale*;
Muſa ſalutatrix pro me cupit ire; nec unquam
Ludere quæ gaudet, diſplicuere Tibi.
Præruptum ſed iter, declive, acclive timet jam
Æthon, & cautus me monet eſſe ſenem.
Vivite felices Animæ! ſimilemque priori
Agnoſcat Dominam Villa relicta novam †.
Neu pigeat gravidam ſancto cum Conjuge Sponſam,
Conceſſam Nato deſtituiſſe Domum.
Latonæ memor ipſa ſuæ Lucina dolores
Leniet, & Mater dulce fovebit onus.
Aerio, procul hinc, ſedem ſub Monte locatis,
*Turris** ubi rapidis nomina fecit aquis.
Non ſatis arva patent illic ſpatioſa quadrigis:
Nec ſecat anguſtas picta Phaſelos aquas.
Æquore ſed vacuus mittes revolubile buxum
Gramineo, palmam metaque tacta dabit.

Per

† Heanton-Court *pleaſantly ſeated on the* Taw, *yielded by Mrs.* Morriſon *to her Son on his Marriage.*

* Torrington *built on a high Hill, whoſe Foot is waſh'd by the River* Turrige; *and above, a Bowling-Green commands a View of the Country.*

Per dumos ſed & hic fugientem ad flumina cervum
Cernis, & inſtantes tutus ab Arce canes:
Sin animum recreans intentas Carmina nervis
Innumeris, reſonat Barbitos, una Chorus.
Non humiles fuerint, (parvis habitetis Hypæpis)
Quos, bone, dicetur Vos habitaſſe, Lares.
Cum Jove viſurus Terras deſcenderat Hermes;
Nulla domus præbet fercula, nulla torum.
Impia queis portas occluſit Turba ſuperbas,
Excipit una, bono cum Sene, Baucis anus.
Ædiculas Superi in Templum ſibi ſurgere mandant,
Capti ambo hoſpitii ſedulitate pii.
Vix cernenda prius, ſupra alta Palatia Regum
Claruit acceptis vel Caſa parva Deis.

*5th Kal. Nov.*
*A. D.* 1734.

## *Laudes Cœlibis Vitæ.*

BEatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Uxoriis, Cœlebs agit
Quietus ævum: pervicacis Fœminæ
Solutus omni jurgio.
Non audit ille, "Perfidus, Gerro, Vagus,"
Quæ multa Conjux ingerit,

Morante

Morante ſuſpicax ultra veniam Viro,
At maxime, tardo domi.
Nam Nupta paucis concipit ni menſibus,
Miſella ait ſe negligi!
Aſtutior ſed quæ, querelas ſupprimit,
Quæritque amorem mutuum:
Prægnantis, eheu! vel fluentem Nauſeam,
Faſtidium aut puerperæ,
Nolit, velitne, perpeti debet tamen,
Creare qui vult liberos.
" Tu delicatæ, mi Vir, inſumis gulæ
" Servanda noſtris poſteris? "
Ergo Cupidinum parens levium cato
Huic irritam quaſſat facem.
Curas amoris ille, ficta gaudia
Falſamque ſpem, & vanos metus,
Et lachrymarum, quas ciet muliercula,
Securus irridet dolos.
Cubile linquit molle, cum recens roſis
Aurora pingit æthera.
Aviumque naſcentem ſalutantum Diem
Ut recreatur cantibus!
Colitve Muſas, aut deambulat foras,
Jucundior, ſi ſit comes.

Surgente

Surgente ludus Vesperò ingenuus levat,
Curasque diluit merum,
Hero parata cum puer jussus locat
Cœnæ salubris fercula.
Monente nocte, lectulo solus jacet,
Sopitus, aut vigil sibi.

Locutus amissa hæc *Fabullus* conjuge,
Et plura, quæ fudit dolor;
" Miserior ecquis me videt Solis jubar!
" O invidam Proserpinam!"
Primis solutus, en! Decembre nuptiis,
Quærit Secundas Martio.

## *An Biblia sint legenda Laicis? Aff.*

CUm Sacra Romanis celebratur Cœna, Sacerdos
Pocula solus habet, cætera Turba sitit.
Cum tonat Antistes rostris dictator ab altis,
Et nova Mira refert, credula Roma stupet.
Quærere non ausa est Divinæ Oracula Mentis,
Pro Populo, solus qui bibit, ille legit.
Papa, nimis durus, vinumque & Scripta negasti:
Sit rapuisse satis Pocula; redde Librum.

## *Ad* Gulielmum Forteſcue, *Arm.*

### *In Auſpicatiſſimum Illuſtriſſimi* Principis FREDERICI *adventum.*

DOmi remotus finibus ultimis
Terræ, æſtuoſo gurgite dividit
Qua Cambriâ Sabrina torrens
Damnonios Atavis ſuperba,

Diis pro recepto *Principe* gratias
Solvo triumphans. Atria regia
Pro me ſalutatrix adire
Ambitioſa cupit Camœna.

O, cui dederunt Caſtalides melos:
Suadela linguam cui Dea temperat:
(Non auguror vanum) O future
Juridicæ Moderator Aulæ!

Non uſitatum carmen amiculi,
Quanquam occupatus, percipe. Sentient
Mox Te acriorem pro cliente
Roſtra, moram faciente Muſa.

Quæ ſi volentem deſtituit Lyram,
Vix digna tanti *Principis* auribus,
Laudare ſaltem non moleſtæ
Obſequium poteris Senectæ.

Optate *Princeps* Angligenum diu
Votis tuorum! Te ſibi debitum,
Ut gratulantur Te venire,
Diis genite, & geniture Divos!

O digna *Regum progenies*, ave!
Pulchriſque Frater digne *Sororibus*,
Quas Cypriam Divam creaſſe,
Inſtituiſſe putes Minervam.

Matrona num quæ Prole beatior
Ditavit Orbem Regia? Qui ſibi
Heroas optarit Nepotes,
Ambiet hinc Generos, Nuruſque.

Inter beatos annumerabitur,
Sceptris Avitis qui potitur! tamen
Virtute Sanctorum Parentum
Dos minor eſt Diadema Natis.

Abſente

Abſente quantus nos habuit metus
Te, forte ne Dux immemor auxilî
Olim impetrati, jamque pollens,
Immerito inſidias pararet!

Perrumpis omnes intrepidus moras;
Famæque pennas antevolans leves
Allaberis, mandante *Patre*,
Angliacis inopinus oris.

Quin nec Cohortes, officioſaque
Te Pompa duxit; ſed ſine milite
Secura Virtus: deſtinatum
Vicit Iter pietatis ardor.

Qualis miniſter Mercurius Jovis,
Mandata magni ſedulus exequi,
Atlante deſcendit nivoſo,
Verticibus celer aut Olympi.

O macte *Princeps!* Conſule Patriæ,
Maturus inter Patricios ſedens:
Ut cana Te miretur Ætas,
Et ſapuiſſe velit Juventus.

Nunc bellicoſus Cantaber invidet
Calpen Britannis Arcibus additam;
Olim hoſpitales Gens Carinis
Læta tuis aperire Portus.

Experta *Patrem* militia gravem,
*Natum* rogabit fœdere jungier;
Lanamque commutabis auro,
Compoſitis, *FREDERICE*, bellis.

Poſt, ſiqua longas invida Ferias
Gens fraude quæret rumpere; prælio
Victas catervas flebit, impar
Auſpiciiſque tuis et Armis.

## JEPTHÆ *Votum.*

CUm *Jepthas* rediit ſpoliato victor ab Hoſte,
Occurrit temere Filia læta Patri.
Conventum infauſtum! Patris temeraria Vota!
Cui ſane tanti non ſuperaſſe fuit.
*Heros* heu! quid agat tanto diſcrimine rerum?
Hinc urget Pietas; inde paternus Amor.
Parce, Pater, ferro, nec Votum ſolve cruore:
Nam ſine cæde Deo victima Virgo placet.

## *Ad* Illuſtriſſimum Principem *GULIELMUM NASSAVUM.*

DUm per hybernas amor urget undas
Ire jactatis Juvenem lacertis;
Invidus ſævis Boreas procellis
Obſtat, & Eurus.

Non Abydenus gravius morantes
Increpat ventos tumidumque pontum,
Fata cui nomen dederant Puellæ
Triſtia merſæ,

Regiæ quam Tu thalamo retentus
*Virginis*, NASSAVE, Tibi dicatæ;
Peleus qualem Thetidem recepit
Munere Divum.

Quin laboranti medium per æſtum
Non magis charo metuit Marito,
Dum tremens nantem face nuptiali
Dirigit Hero,

Quam Tibi, *Princeps*, tua Spes et Ignis,
ANNA: Te donec maris expedirent
Et gravis morbi implicitum periclis
Publica vota,

Te

Te quis, Heroum manifesta Proles,
Hospes accedat potior *Britannis?*
Non refers Genti, bone, GULIELMUM
Nomine Solo.

Te salutantûm satis obtulisti
Circulo; paulum Tibi parce cautus.
*Conjugis* reddet modo Villa lassum
Te Tibi, & *ANNÆ*,

Otium prudens Amor, ut Camœnæ,
Ruris, & dulces voluit recessus.
Gratiis adsit Cytherea juncta, &
Pronuba Juno.

Turturum murmur, crepitansque rivus,
Sylva vocalis, Zephyri susurrus,
Halitus Florum, recreent amantes,
Dentque Salutem.

## *Epitaphium* J. J----N.

DUm vixi, Comites duo me fecere beatum,
Castore dignus Equus, digna Puella Jove.
Quid voveam moriens? mea sit post funera nemo,
Massardilla, tibi, nec tibi, Dicke, gravis.

## *In Obitum* Sereniſſimæ *Reginæ* MARIÆ, *quæ Variolis correpta fatis ceſſit*, Decem. 28. A. C. 1694. *Æt. ſuæ* 33.

INſolitos auſa eſt Libitina ambire triumphos,
Sacrilegâ Divas et violare manu.
Non ſua defendit Virtus, non Forma MARIAM,
Quin redit ad pulchras pulchrior Ipſa Deas.
En Nymphas paſſiſque comis lachrymiſque decoras!
Quam nitet his, triſti qui ſedet ore, dolor!
Se dedit his Sociam Dominamque MARIA. Puellas
Non ſic dilexit caſta Diana ſuas.
Altius in *Regis* deſcendit pectore vulnus,
Inque animo alternant ira dolorque vices.
Quæ Te Diva ſinu reducem, NASSOVE, fovebit?
Quæ Conſors Regni grande levabit onus?
Ardens dum premeres pallentes fulmine Gallos,
Tutata eſt Anglos mollior Illa domi.
Non ſic defendit Dido, quam condidit, Urbem,
Nec Fratris ſubiit tam bene Luna vices.

Inſtantem

Inſtantem quoties mortem avertêre MARIÆ,
Fulgenteſque oculi purpureæque genæ!
Sed tantos audax avulſit morbus honores,
Fugit et, in niveo quæ fuit ore, Venus.
Illa cadit, Superoſque audit moribunda vocantes,
Lætaque, NASSOVI ni memor eſſet, abit.

FINIS.